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TIM BOBBIN'S

LANCASHIRE DIALECT;

AND

POEMS.

Jos. Barnett

PLATES BY G. CRUIKSHANK.

RENDERED INTELLIGIBLE TO GENERAL READERS BY A LITERAL INTERPRETATION, AND THE OBSOLETE WORDS EXPLAINED BY QUOTATIONS FROM THE MOST EARLY OF THE ENGLISH AUTHORS.

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Dr. E. R. Meyer

INTRODUCTION.

The two County Palatines of Lancaster and Chester being, from a remote period, separate jurisdictions from the remaining counties, as "Principalities in themselves," a pride of such distinction has induced the inhabitants to keep, also, within themselves; not even mixing in marriage with those of other districts; as the old Cheshire adage evinces, "*it is better to marry over the mixen* (within their own immediate precincts) *than over the moor*," —that is, your neighbour's daughter rather than a stranger: so that the manners,

customs, and *old English language* in these counties, have experienced less changes and innovations than in most other parts of England.

Having had occasion, in the course of interpreting the following pages, to refer to the ancient English compositions, such as Chaucer, Wicliffe, other poets, historians, &c., I have been led almost to conclude that the present "LANCASHIRE DIALECT" was the universal language of the earliest days of England; and has induced me to select instances from such authors, (to confirm, in some measure, that opinion,) down to the days of Dryden; preserving an alphabetical arrangement, by the way of reference to the passages in the Dialect, wherever an authority could be obtained.

To those who could understand the idiom of this composition, its genuine humour and drollery have afforded much amusement; and many have regretted they could not enter into the spirit of the work for want of such "humble knowledge;"—to supply this the present work is undertaken. But even this translation, like all others, must fall far short of the original; yet, if the "march of intellect" keeps its pace, the present work may prove an useful document to perpetuate the genuine English Provincial Dialect.

In Aikin's History of Manchester a short Biographical Sketch is given of the Author of this work; but neither when he was born, nor when he died, and leaving doubtful the place of his birth—Warrington and Mottram, in Lancashire, contending for that distinction: but in referring to an edition of his works and correspondence, published at Rochdale, in 1819, I find he was born December, 16, 1708.

His father, Mr. Collier, being a clergyman, gave him an education which enabled him to leave the loom, with which he was disgusted, and follow the profession of a schoolmaster, in a small establishment at Rochdale, in his own County. Mr. John Collier, alias Tim Bobbin, by which appellation he is much better known, possessed a versatility of talent which seldom centres in one individual, being a humourous poet, an excellent caricaturist, both of which his publications show, a painter, a scientific musician, and his pencil, his brush, and his pen, made his name and fame

resound at home and through the adjoining districts of York and Chester. We are given to understand he died at the advanced age of near eighty years, July, 14, 1786; and his mental powers, conviviality, and humour, for which he was much esteemed, were his good companions to the last.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

VILLAGE EVENTS.

SCENE I.

First coming into Life.

Enter TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Tum. ODDS me, Meary! whooa the dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o thee here so soyne this morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had sitch o'traunce this morning as eh neer had e'meh live: for I went to Jone's o'Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their thible, to stur th' furmetry weh, an his wife had lent it to Bet o'my gronny's: so I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there, hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, an the dule steawnd 'im for a brindl't cur, he'd mede it int' shoon pegs! Neaw wou'd naw sitch o moon-shine traunce potter any body's plucks?

VILLAGE EVENTS.

SCENE I.

First coming into Life.

Enter THOMAS *and* MARY.

Tho. Bless me! Mary, who the deuce would have thought of finding thee here so soon this morning? where hast thou been?—thou art all in a sweat I think, for thou looks primely.

Mary. Believe me, Thomas, I have nearly lost my wind; for I have had such a run this morning, as I never had in my life: for I went to John Harris, at Long Jones's, for to borrow their staff, to stir the furmety with, and his wife had lent it to Bet at my grandmother's: so I went straight forward, and when I came there, she had lent it to Dick the Cobler; and the devil take him for an ill-natured cur, he had made it into shoe-pegs! Now, would not such a moonshine tramp bother any body's wits?

Tum. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

Mea. Not awlus o goddil.—But whot meys o't 'sowgh, on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'd fene see o'wick an hearty.

Tum. Whick an hearty too! oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargin ot Im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur seign peawnd t'a tuppunny jannock, I'd bin os deeod os o dur nele be this awer; for th' last oandurth boh one me measter had lik't o killt meh: on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh country.

Mea. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt withur measter?

Tum. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a gonnort muck, I'll uphowd tey!—For whot dust think? bo'th' tother day boh yusterday, huz lads moot'n ha' o bit on o hallidey, (becose it wurth' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe,) yet we munt do some odds-on-eends; on I munt oather breeod mowdy-warp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o keaw on o why-kawve—neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither; on had o mind on o jawnt: so I donn'd meh sundey jump o top o meh singlet, on wou'd goa with keaw

Tho. Mark what I tell thee, Mary; for I think the longer that folks live, the more mischances they have.

Mary. Not always, God willing.—But what makes thee sigh so, and seem so downcast? For I can tell you, I would fain see you alive and hearty too.

Tho. Alive and hearty too! oddzooks, but I can tell thee what, it's more than the bargain I am either alive or hearty, for it was seven pound to a two-penny loaf, I'd been as dead as a door nail by this hour; for the last evening but one, my master had like to have killed me; and just now, as thou art standing there, I'm actually running my country!

Mary. What's been the matter, hast thou fallen out with thy master?

Tho. What! why there's been more to do in a gander's dung, I'll assure thee! For what dost think?—but the other day but yesterday, we lads might have a bit of a holyday, (because it was the Circumcision of our Lady, I believe,) yet we must do some odds-and-ends; and I must either spread in the fields mole-hillocks, or go to Rochdale with a cow and a sucking calf—now, lookye, Mary, I was idle and I had a mind of a jaunt: so I put my Sunday coat over my woollen waistcoat, and

on th' kawve; and the dule tey aw bad luck far me, far eawer bitch *Nip* went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

Mea. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill luck, Tummus.

Tum. Now, nor no mon elze till they known; boh here's a fine droy canking pleck under this thurn, let's keawer us deawn oth yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

Mea. Weh aw meh heart, for meh deme's gon fro whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till bagging-time.

Tum. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratch-daw: So I geet up be strike o dey, on seet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within a mile oth teawn; when os the dule woud height, o *tit* wur stonning ot an eleheawse dur; on me kawve (the dule bore eawt it een for meh) took th' tit for it mother, on would need seawk her: on I believe th' foolish tooad of a tit took th' kawve far hur cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with 'ur hough on kilt meh kawve os deeod os o nit!

Mea. E Lord;—whot o trick wur that!

Tum. Trick! odds flesh, sitch o trick wur newer plede eh Englondshiar.

would go with the cow and the calf; and the deuce take all bad luck for me, for our bitch, Nip, went with me, and that made ill worse.

Mary. I cannot guess how that could make ill luck, Thomas.

Tho. No, nor any man else, 'till they know—but here's a fine dry resting-place under this thorn; let us sit down on the earth a bit, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Mary. With all my heart; for my mistress is gone from home, and she'll not come again 'till baiting time.

Tho. Well, as I was telling thee, I'd go to Rochdale: so I got up by strike of day, and set out; and went well till I came within a mile of the town; when, as if the devil would have it, a mare was standing at the ale-house door; and my calf (the devil bore out its *eyes* for me) took the mare for its mother, and would needs suck her! and I *believe* the foolish toad of a tit, took the calf for her colt, she neighed so when she saw it; but when she felt it suck, she up with her hoof, and killed my calf as dead as a nit!

Mary. Ey Lord;—what a trick was that!

Tho. Trick! oddsflesh, such a trick was never played in Englandshire!

Mea. Why hark ye, Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? yoad'n be quite broken!

Tum. Doo! what cou'd eh do? 'sflesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good veeol os e'er deed on a thwittle; for me measter mood ha had seignteen shillings on susepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

Mea. On didney leeof it ith' lone?

Tom. Ne Meary; I'r naw sitch a gawby os tat coom too noather: for as luck wou'd height, o butcher wur ith' elehouse, on he coom eawt when he heard meh kawve bah. Boh estid o being sooary, when he saigh it sprawling oth yeorth, th' fly'ring karron seet up o gurd o leawghing, on cou'd for shawm tell meh he'd berry it meh for a pint o ele.

Mea. Whau, that wur pratty cheap; for Dicky o'Will's o'Jone's o'Sam's towd me, at he berrit o chilt tother dey ot Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o groat for a greave no bigger in o phippunny trunk.

Tom. Whau, that moot be: but I'd naw geet im: for I borrot a shoo on wou'd berrit meh seln; I'r thrunk shoaving it in when a thowt coom int' meh noddle, ot th' hoyde cou'd be no war; so I'd flee it; but the dule o thwittle wurt' be leet on

Mary. Why hark ye, Thomas, what could you do with it? you'd be quite broken!

Tho. Do! what could I do? 'sflesh! had it been killed kindly, twould have been as good veal as ever died under a butcher's knife; for my master might have had seventeen shillings and sixpence for it the morning before.

Mary. And did you leave it in the lane?

Tho. No Mary; I am not such a fool as that comes to neither: for as luck would have it, a butcher was in the alehouse, and he came out when he heard my calf bleat. But instead of being sorry, when he saw it sprawling on the earth, the fleering fellow set up a burst of laughing, and could for shame tell me he'd bury it for a pint of ale.

Mary. Why, that was pretty cheap; for Dicky o'Will's o'Jone's o'Sam's told me, that he buried a *child* the other day at Rochdale, and he paid Joe Green, (the sexton,) a groat for a grave no bigger than a fivepenny trunk.

Tho. Well, that might be: but I'd not give it him: for I borrowed a shovel and would bury it myself; I was just shoving it in, when a thought came into my noddle, that the hide could be no worse, so I'd flee it; but the deuce a knife could

bo'th' butcher's, on the spoytfoo tike wou'd naw leeond it me: neaw, Meary, what cou'd onny mon doo?

Mea. Doo! I'st o gon stark woode.

Tum. I believe ot wou'd, or onney mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my kese: so I bargint with th' rascot; he'ur to tyth' hoyde grooing toth' carcuss, on geh meh throtteen pence: so I geet th' brass, on went endway with keaw.

Mea. Neaw meh mind misgives meh ot yooar'n gooing a sleeveless arnt; on at felly wou'd naw tak'th kah bateth' kawve.

Tum. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles of a leawse; for it wur lung, on lunger, ofore eh wou'd: boh when I towd him heawt wur knock oth sow with a tit coak'n os he coom, on that he moot order weh meh Measter obeawt it, he took her ot lunglength: then I went on bowt two peawnd o sawt, on on eawnce of black pepper for eawr fok, on went toart whoam ogen.

Mea. With o fearfoo heyvy heart I'll up-howd'o.

Tum. Eigh, eigh, that's true—boh whottle to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit kawve! boh

be lighted on but the butcher's, and the spiteful tike would'nt lend it me! now, Mary, what could any man do?

Mary. Do! I'd have gone stark mad.

Tho. (solemnly.) I believe you would, or any *man* else; but that would do nothing in my case: so I bargained with the rascal; he was to take the hide growing to the carcase, and give me thirteenpence: so I got the brass, and went away with the cow.

Mary. Now my mind misgives me that you're going a sleeveless errand; and that the fellow would not take the cow without the calf.

Tho. Adzooks, Mary, thou guesses within two tumbles of a louse; for it was long and longer before he would: but when I told him how it was knocked in the head with a tit's shoe as I came, and that he might order with my master about it, he took her at long-length: then I went and bought two pounds of salt and an ounce of black pepper for our folks, and went towards home again.

Mary. With a fearful heavy heart I'll uphold you.

Tho. Aye, aye, that's true—but what will you say when I tell you he never buried the calf! but

sowd it et *Owdum* that oandurth, for two pence haw penny o peawnd!

Mea. Sey! why be meh troth it wur fere cheeoting; but it's meet like their rascotly tricks; for there's not an honest booan ith' hoyde o newer o greasy tyke on um aw.

Tum. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy mind; for it wur reet rank; boh I think eh meh guts ot rascots ith' ward ar os thick as wasps in o hummo-beeneest.

sold her at Oldham that morning, for twopence halfpenny a pound!

Mary. Say! why by my troth it was fair cheating; but it's just like their rascally tricks; for there's not an honest bone in the hide of never a greasy tike in 'em all.

Tho. Indeed Mary, I am of thy mind; for it was right wrong; but I think in my guts, that rascals in the world are as thick as wasps in a humble-bee's nest.

SCENE II.

How to catch an Owl.

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Mea. Its not tell, buh I'st marvil straungely an yo leet on a wur kneave in this.

Tum. Alack o dey! theaw knows boh little oth matter, boh theawst hear: I'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a mile or so, ofore eh saigh o parcel o lads on hobbletyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-wife: when ot he geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm what tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o steeigh o ther shilders, onother had o riddle in his hont, on *Hal o'Nab's* ith' *Midge lone* had his knockus lapt in his barmskin: awth' rest on um had hoyts, or lung kibhoes, like swinging sticks or raddlings.

Mea. Ith' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for?

Tum. Nowt ots awt, theaw mey be sure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wus weh um: neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last shearing-time,

SCENE II.

How to catch an Owl.

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Mary. I CANNOT tell, but I marvel strangely that you'll meet with a worse knave than this.

Tho. Alack-a-day! thou knows but little of the matter, but thou'lst hear: I had gotten forward above a mile or so, before I saw a parcel of lads, or hobbledehoys, as thick as "Thrap's wife;" when that I got to them, I could not guess what they were about, for two of them carried a ladder on their shoulders, another had a riddle in his hand, and *Hal at Nab's* in the *Midge Lane* had his hands lapt in his apron; all the rest of 'em had sticks or long poles, like swinging sticks or rods.

Mary. In the name of Katty, what were that for?

Tho. Nought that's good, thou may'st be sure, if that hampering lad Hal was with 'em. Now thou must know, that one night last sheering time,

when *Jone's o'Harry's* geete thear churn, this seme scap-gallows wur tean eh ther pleawmtree; on wur en sitch o flunter eh getting deawn ogen, ot he fell, on broke th' collar-boan on his leg.

Mea. O wrang joyrt hong im: I know him weel enough, for th' last great snow he'ur for honging o hare e some hure gillers; on throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o clewkin-grin.

Tum. The varra seme; so I asht him what tearn far? Why, sed he, ween meet neaw seen on ewl fly thro' yon leawp-hoyl into th' leath, on we'er gooing tey hur: come Tum, sed he, egad, iftle geaw with us, theawst see sitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the live: beside theawst howd th' riddle. —Sed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howd-ingth' riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw meh heart intle teytch meh.—I con show the in a crack, sed he. —So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth leawp-hoyles, on th' slifters ith leath woughs full o awts; then we reeart th' steeigh sawfly ogen th' wough under th' eawl hoyle. Neaw lads, sed Hal, mind yer hits: I'll lap meh honds eh meh barmskin ot hoo cannow scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle: *Tum o' William's* mun clime th' steeigh, thrutch'd th' strey eawt oth' leawp hoyle, on howd the riddle cloyse on't. Awth'

when John at Harry's got their churn, this same scape-gallows was taken in their plumb-tree, and was in such a fluster in getting down again, that he fell, and broke the collar-bone of his leg!

Mary. A wrong joint, hang him: I know him well enough, for the last great snow he was for hanging a hare in some hair-gillers, and throttled our poor Towzer in a worsted gin.

Tho. The very same; so I asked him what they were about? Why, said he, we've just now seen an owl fly through the loophole into the barn, and we are going to take her: come Tom, said he, egad, if thou'lt go with us, thou'lt see such fun as thou never saw in thy life: besides, thou'lt hold the riddle.—Said I, I know not what thou means by "holding the riddle," but I'll go with thee with all my heart, if thou'lt *teach* me.—I can show thee in a crack, said he. So away we went, and began a cramming of the loopholes and crevices in the barn full of straw; then we reared the ladder softly against the wall, under the owl-hole. Now lads, said Hal, mind your hits: I'll wrap my hands in my apron, that she cannot scratch me, when that I take her in the hole: Tom Williams must climb the ladder, and push the straw out of the loophole, and hold the riddle close upon

rest mun be powlerers, on flay hur into't.—So owey they seete into th' leath, on toynt dur; on I—

Mea. Why neaw, I'll be far, if I'd naw rether ha seent in o puppy-show.

Tum. Good lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' steeigh in o snift, shoavt th' awts eawt, on smakt me riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um sey—see o, see o, hoos teear! Shu, sed one; shu, sed another.—Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey-go-mad. I thowt it wer rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal mon saigh: so I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh arms wartcht ogen; still they kept shuing, on powlering ith leath; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' steeigh—I lookt deawn, an there were an owd soo bizzy scratting hur —— o one o'th' strines.—'Sflesh, thinks I t' meh seln, hool ha me deawn eend neaw:—just then I thowt I heard th' eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' riddle.

Mea. Odds mine! on didney let hur gooa, or yo took'n hur?

Tum. Took'n hur! ney Meary; on eawl's naw so sooyne tean: boh I con heardly tell the, I'm

it. All the rest must be pollerers, and frighten her into it.—So away they set into the barn; and shut the door, and I—

Mary. Why now, I'll be far enough, if I'd not rather have seen it than a puppet-show!

Tho. Good gracious, Mary! thou'rt so hasty: so I climbed the ladder in a moment, and smacked the riddle on the hole: I'd no sooner done so, but I heard one of them say—see her, see her, she's there! Hush! said one; shu! said another.—Then they all began a hallooing and whooping, like all going mad. I thought it was the rarest sport that ever mortal man saw: so I grinned, and I pushed till my arms ached again; still they kept shouting and pollering in the barn; and then I thought I felt something push at the ladder—I looked down, and there was an old sow busy scratching herself against one of the sides. 'Sflesh! thinks I to myself, she'll have me down e'en now: —just then, I thought I heard the owl come into the hole; and presently something came with a great rush through the riddle.

Mary. Dear me! and did you let her go, or you took her?

Tho. Took her! nay, Mary, an owl is not so soon taken: but I can hardly tell thee, I'm so

so waughish—for I'm ready't cowk'n with th' thowts ont;—there wur non t' tey, Meary.

Mea. What, no eawl?

Tum. Now, now—not teear; it wus nowt oth' warld o God boh arron owd lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther breeches in't: on that hodge-podge coom eh me fease weh sitch o bor, ot o sumheaw it mede meh meazy, on I feel off th' steeigh: boh moor be choance thin onney good luck, I leet disactly oth' soo wey sitch o soltch, ot I think eh meh guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

Mea. E lord! whot o wofoo faw had'n yo!

Tum. Eigh, faw eigh; for I thowt I'd brok'n th' crupper-booan o meh ——, boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd naw hurt boh th' tone theawm stunnisht, on th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpoo o bit.

Mea. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! I'st o bin stark-giddy at um, on ha raddlt ther booans.

Tum. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or onny mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry mon's not a witch: heaweer I hawmpo't rawnd th' leath fort' snap some oth' bulloking basturts; boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they'rn aw cropp'n into th'

George Cruikshank

faintish—for I'm ready to be sick with the thoughts of it—there were none to take, Mary!

Mary. What! no owl?

Tho. No! no! not there; it was nothing in the world of God but arrant old lant, which they had made warm with opening their breeches into it, and that hodge-podge came in my face with such a force, that somehow it made me mazy, and I fell off the ladder: but, more by chance than any good luck, I lighted exactly on the sow, with such a thwack, that I think in my guts she was worse frightened and hurt than I was.

Mary. Eh Lord! what a woeful fall had you!

Tho. Ay! fall! ay! for I thought I'd broken the crupper-bone of my bottom; but it was better than I expected, for I'd no hurt but one thumb sprained and the skin bruised of the round bone of my knee, that made me limp a bit.

Mary. Out upon them! what unmannerly rubbish! I should have been stark mad at them, and have thrashed their bones.

Tho. I was as mad as thou could be, or any *man* else, but thou knows every man is not a witch: but however I limped round the barn, for to catch some of the blackguard bastards; but none could I fall on, for they were all crept into the

leath; on th' durs os sefe os *Beest'n* castle: boh they med'n me't hear um efeath; far thear'n aw wherrying on leawghing, whooping on sheawting, like maddlocks ot ther new tean eawl, os teh cawd'n meh: wuns, Meary! in I'd had foyar I'st o set th' how leath on o haliblash in I'd deed for't; boh then th' soo kept sitch o skrikeing reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no lunger for fear o sumbody cumming, on meying me necessary too hur deeoth: so I scamspoot owey as hard os eh cou'd pinn, on ran o mile eh that pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: then I leep o'er o ryz'n hedge, on os o rindle o wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: on aw little enough too; for I think eh meh guts I'st stink like a foomurt while meh neme's *Tum.*

Mea. Neaw een be meh troath! I thowt ye savort'n feearfoo strung on o yarb: boh when aw's done, *Tummus,* this killing o'th kawve, on eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

Tum. Odds heart, howd teh tung, *Meary;* far I oather angurt some he witch, or the dule threw his club o'er meh that morning when eh geete up: far misfartins coom on me os thick os leet.

barn, and the door as fast as "Beeston castle:"* but they made me hear 'em i'faith, for they were all rejoicing and laughing; whooping and shouting like mad folks, at their new-taken owl, as they called *me!*—Zounds, Mary, had I had fire, I'd have set the barn in a blaze, if I'd died for it; but then the sow kept such a shrieking, squealing noise, as if her back was in two pieces, that I durst stay no longer, for fear of somebody coming, and making me accessary to her death; so I scampered away, as hard as I could run, a mile in that pickle before I got one look behind me; then I leaped over a rising hedge, and as a gutter of water was near, I washed all my clothes, till it came to my hair; and all little enough too, for I think in my heart I shall stink like a polecat whilst my name's Tom!

Mary. Now, even by my troth! I thought thou savoured fearful strong of *an herb:* but when all's done, Thomas, this killing of the calf and owl-catching was not all along of Nip?

Tho. Dear heart, hold thy tongue, Mary; for I had vexed either some he-witch, or the devil threw his club over me that morning when I got up, for misfortunes came on me as thick as lightning.

* On an elevated rock near Chester.

SCENE III.

April Fool.

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Mea. UDDZLUD! non thro' Nip, o Goddil!

Tum. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip: on I wud hur neek had bin brock'n eh neen spots, wheen hoo'r whelpt far mee, (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp cretur does no hurt, noather,) far I'd naw greadly washt on fettl't meh, on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing felly in o blackish wigg; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip: ko he, onnest mon, wilt sell the dog? Sed I, meh dog's o bitch, on so's ne'er o dog ith' teawn: for be meh troath, Meary, I'r os cross os o f—t.

Mea. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

Tum. Well, boh dog or bitch, sedt' felly, if I'd known on hur three deys sin, I'd o gen the twenty shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *bandyhewit;* on there's o gentlemon ot

SCENE III.

The First of April.

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Mary. ODSBLOOD! not through Nip, egad!

Tho. Through Nip!—ay, through Nip: and I would her neck had been broken in nine places when she was whelped for me, (God forgive me, the dumb creature does not hurt neither,) for I had not decently washed and dressed, and limped into the lane again, but I met a fattish-looking fellow in a blackish wig; and he stood and stared at Nip: quoth he, honest man, wilt thou sell thy dog? Said I, my dog's a bitch, and so is never a dog in the town: for by my troth, Mary, I was as cross as two sticks.

Mary. Egad, but you were bobbersome, and answered roughly too much.

Tho. But dog or bitch, said the fellow, if I had known of her three days since, I'd have got thee twenty shillings for her, for I see she's a right

wooans abeawt three mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. Neaw, Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on sell im meh *sheep-cur* for o *bandyhewit;* tho, I no moor knew in th' mon ith moon whot a *bandyhewit* wur.* Whaw, sed I, hoose primely bred; for hur moother coom fro *Lunnun,* tho' hoor whelpt ot meh master's; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *Englandshiar,* I'll sell hur if meh price come.

Mea. Well done *Tummus!* whot sed eh then?

Tum. Wau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth a ginny on o hawve o gowd, sed I; boh o ginny I'll ha far hur: ko he, I gen o ginny far mine, on I'd rether ha thine be o creawn; boh iftle gooa to justice—justice hum—le me see.—But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte matter on im, far I think he's piece on o rascot, as weel ost rest) he'll be fene o'th' bargin.

Mea. That wur clever, too-to; wur it naw?

Tum. Yigh, meeterly. Then I asht im whot wey he munt gooa? On he towd meh: on o wey I seete, weh meh heart as leet os o bit on o flaight;

* A pass-name for a dog, when sport is to be made with his master on April-fools-day, &c.

staunch bandyhewit, and there's a gentleman that lives about three miles off, that wants one just now. Now Mary, to tell the truth, I'd a mind to cheat (God forgive me!) and sell him my sheep-cur for a bandyhewit; though I no more knew than the man in the moon what a bandyhewit was.* Why, said I, she's primely bred, for her mother came from London, though she was whelpt at my master's; and though she's as good as any in Englandshire, I'll sell her if my price comes.

Mary. Well done Thomas! what said he then?

Tho. Why, quoth he, what dost ask for her? She's worth a guinea and a half in gold, said I; but a guinea I'll have for her: quoth he, I gave a guinea for mine, but I would rather have thine by a crown; but if thoul't go to the justice—justice hum—let me see.—But I forget how he's named (but a great matter on him, for I think he's a piece of a rascal as well as the rest) he'll be glad of the bargain.

Mary. That was clever indeed; was it not?

Tho. Ay, middling. Then I asked him what way I must go? And he told me; and away I set with my heart as light as a feather; and carried Nip

* A name given to any dog in Lancashire, when persons intend to make sport with his master, vide Glossary.

on carrit Nip under meh arm; for neaw theaw mun understond I'r feear o loysing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough t' pay meh master for th' kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

Mea. Odds-fish! boh that wur breve; yoarn eh no ill kele neaw, *Tummus.*

Tum. Whau, boh theawst hear: it wur o dree wey too-to; heawe'er I geete there by three o'clock; on ofore eh opp'nt dur, I covert Nip with th' cleawt ot eh droy me nese weh, t' let him see heaw I stooart hur. Then I opp'nt dur; on who te dule dust think, boh three little tyney *bandyhewits,* os I thowt then, coom weawghing os if th' little rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, on after that swollut meh whick. Then there coom o fine freshcullert wommon ot keckt as stiff as if hood swallut a poker, on I took hur for o hoor justice, hoor so meety fine: for I heard *Rotchet o' Jack's o' Yem's* tell meh measter, that th' hoo justices awlus did mooast o'th' wark. Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Justice wur o whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur meawth t' sey eigh, or now; boh simpurt on sed iss, (the dickons iss'ur, on him too.) Sed I, I wudidd'n tell him I'd fene speyk too 'im.

Mea. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd; I'st o bin timmersome:—but let's know heaw ye went'n on.

Geo. Cruikshank fec.

under my arm; for now thou must understand I was afraid of losing her, ne'er doubting but I should be *rich enough* to pay my master for the *calf*, and have somewhat to spare.

Mary. Odds-fish! but that was brave; you are in no ill luck now Thomas.

Tho. But thou'lst hear: it was a weary way to it; however I got there by three o'clock; and before I opened the door I covered Nip with the rag I dry my nose with, to let him see how I stored her. Then I opened the door, and what the deuce do'st think, but three little tiny bandyhewits, as I thought them, came barking as if the little stinkers would have worried me, and after that swallowed me alive. Then there came a fine fresh-coloured woman as stood as stiff as if she'd swallowed a poker, and I took her for the she-justice, she was so mighty fine; for I heard Roger Jackson tell my master, that the she-justices always did most of the work. However, I ask'd her if Mr. Justice was at home; she could not open her mouth to say aye or no, but simpered and said, *Yes!* (the dickens yes her, and him too.) Said I, I would you to tell him I would fain speak to him.

Mary. Egad, but you was bold; I should have been timorous; but let's know how you went on.

Tum. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey nip on cheeot os ill os one other clarks, on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnaw frump, nor teeos um, for they hat'n to be vext.

Mea. Boh heaw went'n ye on? Wurth' justice o whoam?

Tum. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh whot he wantut? Whau, sed I, I've o varra fine *bandyhewit* t'sell, on I hear yo want'n one, sur: humph sed he—a *bandyhewit*—prethee let's look at.—Yigh, said I; on I pood th' cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' back, on sed, hoos os fine o *bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o tele.

Mea. Well done *Tummus!* yo cud'n naw mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

Tum. Hoos a fine on, indeed, sed th' justice; on its o theawson pities boh I'd known on hur yusterday: for o felly coom, on I bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o ginny; on I'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o ginny for this. On that I'll hav' in eh cou'd leet on a chapmon, sed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, sed he, on I think I con tell thee whear theaw map part with hur, if he be not fittut awready.

Mea. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert justice, wur he naw?

Tho. Why well enough, for they may nip and cheat as bad as any other clerks, and they'll not meddle with thee; but thou must not cross nor teize them, for they ar'nt to be vexed.

Mary. But how went you on? Was the justice at home?

Tho. Aye, and came slap, and asked me what I wanted? Why, said I, I've a very fine bandyhewit to sell, and I hear you want one, sir; humph, said he—a bandyhewit—prithee let's look at it. Aye, said I, and I pulled the handkerchief from off her, stroked her down the back, and said, she's as fine a bandyhewit as ever ran before a tail.

Mary. Well done, Thomas, you could not have mended that, if you had it to do again; but you're fit to go out in faith.

Tho. She's a fine one indeed, said the justice; and it's a thousand pities but I'd known of her yesterday; for a fellow came, and I bought one not so good as this by half-a-guinea; and I'll uphold you, you'll take a guinea for this. And that I'll have, if I could light of a chapman, said I. She's richly worth it, said he, and I think I can tell thee where thou may part with her, if he is not fitted already.

Mary. Dear me, but that was a good-natured justice, was he not?

Tum. E, Meary, theaw tawks like o seely ninny-hommer: for tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o mon deeols weh rascotly fok: boh as I'r telling thee, he neamt a felley ot wooant obeawt two mile off on him (boh the dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw.* So I geet *Nip* under meh arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart thew meh be shure: on boh os eh thowt he cou'd ashelt sell hur eh this tother pleck, it wou'd sartinly ha brock'n.

Mea. Lord bless us! it wur lik't trouble o meetily!

Tum. Boh theawst hear, I'd naw gon o'er oboon a feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt bruck, weh o feaw narrow sappling brig o'er it. As it had reint th' neet afore, os th' welk in wou'd ha op-p'nt, th' wetur wur bonkful; tho' it wur feggur o deeol i'th mourning; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er, meh shough slipt, on deawn coom I, arsyversy, weh Nip eh me arm i'th wetur. Nip I leet fend for hur sell'n, on flaskert int' eh geete how'd on o sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n; or elze nother theaw, nor no mon elze had newer see *Tum* ogen: for be meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

– Geo. Cruikshank del.

Tho. Aye, Mary, thou talkst like a silly dunce: for take my word for it, nothing that's good for any thing can come of it, when a man deals with rascally folk: but as I was telling thee, he named a fellow that lived about two miles off him (but the devil forget him as I do); so I must go back again to Rochdale. So I got Nip under my arm again, and made a scrape with my foot, and bid the justice good night, with a heavy *heart* thou mayst be sure: and, but as I thought I could as well sell her in this other place, it would certainly have broken.

Mary. Lord bless us! it was like to trouble you mightily!

Tho. But thou'lt hear, I had not gone over above a field or two, but I came to a great brook, with a narrow plank bridge over it. As it had rained the night before, as if the sky would have opened, the water was bank-full, tho' it was fairer a deal in the morning; and somehow, when I was about half over, my shoe slipped, and down came I, topsy-turvy, with Nip in my arm in the water; Nip I let fend for herself, and flaskered until I got hold of the willows, and so took care of myself; or else neither thee nor any *man* else had never seen Tom again, for by my troth I had very near work of it.

Mea. Good lorjus deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't to shad awth'tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for it wur a greyt marcy ye wur'n naw dreawnt.

Tum. I know naw whether't wur or naw, noather: boh theaw meh be shure I'r primely boyrnt, on os weet os ewer eh could sye: beside I'd no com to keem meh hure, so ot I lookt licker o dreawnt meawse in o mon.

Mea. Beside, yoad'n be as cowd as iccles.

Tum. Eigh, theaw may geawse I'r non mough'n: boh theawst hear. Id naw gone oboon o stone's thrut, efore eh wundurt whot teh pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundurt pissmotes wur eh me breechus: I loast um deawn, boh cou'd see nowt ot wur whick: on yet I lookt as rey os o fleed meawse; (for were seln beawt th' scrat at my measter's) 'sflesh, I'r ready t' gooa woode, on knew neaw whot eh eelt:—on then I unbethowt meh o me sawt.

Mea. Ewea's me I'd freat'n that too! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

Tum. Now, now, Meary, I'r naw quite marr'd: its true I went wigglety-wagglety, for an eawer or so, ofore I'r ogreath ogen: on when he geet reet, on coom t' groap eh meh singlet pocket for meh

Mary. Good gracious days! the like was never! this had like to have overdone all the others! yet you came pretty well off marry, for it was a great mercy you was not drowned.

Tho. I don't know whether it was or not, neither: but thou mayst be sure, I was primely washed, and as wet as a sieve, besides I'd no comb to comb my hair, so that I looked liker a drowned mouse than a man.

Mary. Besides, thou'dst be as cold as icicles.

Tho. Aye, thou mayst guess I was in no sweat: but thou'lt hear. I'd not gone above a stone's throw, afore I wondered what the plague was the matter with me, for I began to smart as if five hundred pismires (ants) were in my breeches: I loosed them down, but saw nothing that was alive, yet I looked as red as a flay'd mouse, (but we are seldom without the itch at my master's,) 'sflesh I was ready to go mad, and knew not what I ailed: and then—I bethought me of the salt!

Mary. Ah woe's me! I'd forgotten that too! I doubt it would quite spoil you?

Tho. No, no, Mary, I'm not quite spoiled: it's true I went wigglety-wagglety (limping) for an hour or so before I was right again: and when I got right, and came to feel in my waistcoat pocket for

sawt, the dulé o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey—on new it jumpt into meh mind ot I saigh two rott'n pyenots (hongum) ot tis seme brig os eh coom.

Mea. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad fartin: far I heard my gronny sey, hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os two pyenots.

Tum. Eigh, so seys meh noant *Margit,* on o meeny o fok: on I know pyenots ar os cunning eawls os wawk'n oth' yeorth. Boh as I'r telling thee Meary, whot with smart, on one thing on on-other, I're so stract woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh heart ta puncht th' bitches guts eawt: on then I thowt ogen, Nip's eh no fawt! for be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

Mea. Indeed, *Tummus,* I believe o; boh o lack o dey! purring th' bitch wou'd ha bin reet rank.

Tum. That's true; boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

my salt, the devil a bit of salt was there, for it was all run away—and now it jumpt into my mind that I saw two rotten pyenots (magpies) hang 'em! at this same bridge as I came.

Mary. Did ever! that was a sign of bad fortune: for I heard my granny say, she'd as soon see two old Harrys as two pyenots.

Tho. Aye, so says my Aunt Margit, and a many folks: and I know pyenots are as cunning owls as walk on the earth. But I was telling thee, Mary, what with smart, and one thing or another, I was so stark mad, that I could have found in my heart to have punched the bitch's guts out; and then I thought again, Nip's in no fault! for by my troth I was nearly beside myself.

Mary. Indeed, Thomas, I believe you; but alack-a-day, punching the bitch would have been right wrong.

Tho. That's true; but thou knowst one can but do what we can do.

SCENE IV.

Worse frightened than hurt.

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Mea. REET; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet clooas; wur'ney naw whelly parisht?

Tum. Yigh, be me troth; I dithert ot meh teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt scoance in a strawnge country, five o suse mile fro whoam; so that I maundert ith' fields oboon two eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o noon: on in I'd howd'n up meh hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't in he con see o fleigh o thee neaw! On here it wur I geet into a gete: for I thowt I heard summot coming, an if truth mun be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be!

Mea. True, *Tummus,* no marvil ot o wur so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

SCENE IV.

Worse frightened than hurt.

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Mary. BUT how did you do with your clothes, wasn't you nearly perished?

Tho. Aye, by my troth; I quaked that my teeth knocked in my head again; but that was not all; it began to be dark and I without a lanthorn in a strange country, five or six miles from home: so that I wandered in the fields about two hours, and could not guess where I was, for I might as well have been in an oven, and if I'd held up my hand I could no more have seen it than I can see a flea upon thee now! And here it was I got into a fright, for I thought I heard something coming, and if truth must be spoken, I was so fearfully frightened that my hair stood on end, for thou knows I neither knew who, nor what it might be!

Mary. True, Thomas, no wonder you was so frightened: it was so fearful dark!

Tum. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't, an up speek I—Wooas tat? A lad's voice answert in a crying din, "*Elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh!*" Now, sed I, I'll naw tey the, beleady: whooas lad art to? Whau, sed he, I'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's o'Nethon's, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms, an I'm gooink whoam. Odd, thinks I't meh sell, theaw's a dree-er neme in me: an here, *Meary*, I cou'd naw boh think whot lung nemes sum on us han; for thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone hawve.

Mea. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung nemes leet'n?

Tum. Um—m—mn, le meh see—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

Mea. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him?

Tum. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) I'd ash him for th' wonst whot uncoth's he heard sturrink.—I here none, but ot Jack o'Ned's towd meh, ot Sam's o'Jack's o'Yed's Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'Sall's o'Peg's, ot gus obeawt o beggink churn-milk with pitcher, with lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? Seys he, he's 'prentice weh Isaac o'Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; an he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's

Tho. However, I was resolved to make the best of it, and up spoke I—Who's that? A lad's voice answered in a crying din,—"*Aye, lawk! do not take me! do not take me!*" No, said I, I'll not take thee, by our Lady, whose lad art thou? Why, said he, I am John's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's o'Nethon's, o'Lall's o'Simmy's in the lanes, and I am going home. Odds, thinks I to myself, thou'st a long name in thee: and here, Mary, I could not but think what long names some of us have, for thine and mine are moderate; but this lad's was so much longer, that I thought it cut mine into one half.

Mary. Prithee now, tell me how these long names happen?

Tho. Um—m—n, let me see! I cannot tell well, but I suppose it is to know folks by.

Mary. Well and did you go on with him?

Tho. Then (as I thought he talked so awkwardly) I'd ask him for the once what news he heard stirring. I hear none, he said, but Sam Marler has married Moll Pegs, and goes about begging butter-milk with a pitcher with a lid on.—Then I asked him where Jack at Ned's lived? Says he, he's 'prentice with Isaac o'Tim's o'Nick's of the Hough-lane, and he'd been at Jemmy's o'George's o'Peter's in the Dingles for half a pound

o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hoave a peawnd o treacle t' seaws'n a beest-puddink weh, on his feather and moother wooan at *Rossendow*, boh his gronney's alive an wooans weh his noant Margery a Grinfilt, at pleck where his nown moother coom fro. Good lad, sed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough* off; for I aimt' see it to neet if he con hit. Seys t' lad, it's obeawt a mile, on yo mun keep streight forrud o yer lift hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thiss'n we partit; but I mawkint, an lost me gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er yetes on steels, hedges on doytches, til eh coom to this *Littlebrough;* on there I'r ill breed ogen, for I thowt I'd seen a boggart; boh it prooft o mon weh o piece-woo, resting im on o stoop ith' lone. As soon os eh cou'd speyk for whackering, I asht him where ther wur an eleheawse? on he shoud meh: I went in on fund two fat troddy fok, wun'nt teer: on theyd'n some oth' warst fratchingst cumpany, ot e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, banning, on cawing on another leawsy eawls, os thick os leet: heawe'er I pood o cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith' nook, o side oth' hob: I'd no soyner done so, boh a feaw seawr lookt felley, with o wythen kibbo he had in his hont, slapt o sort of o wither meazzilt feas't mon, sitch o thwang oth' scawp, ot aw varra reetcht ogen

of treacle to season a beest-pudding with, and his father and mother live at Rossendow, but his granny's alive and lives with his aunt Margery at Greenfield, the place where his own mother came from. Good lad, said I, but how far is Littleborough off, for I must see it to-night if I can hit it. Says the lad, it's about a mile, and you must keep straight forward on your left hand, and you'll find it. So in this way we parted; but I was stupid, and lost my way again soon. So I scrambled over gates and styles, hedges and ditches, till I came to this Littleborough; and there I was worse frightened again, for I thought I had seen an apparition! but it proved a man with a quantity of wool to make a piece of cloth, resting himself on a stump in the lane. As soon as I could speak for trembling, I asked him where there was an alehouse? and he showed me: I went in and found two fat-bellied folks were there, and they'd some of the most quarrelsome company I ever saw, for they were cursing and swearing, and calling one another lousy owls as thick as thee could meet with: however I pulled a stool, and stooped me down in the corner aside of the grate: I'd no sooner done so than a foul sour-looking fellow, with a willow stick in his hand, slapt a sort of a lusty rough-faced

with; on deawn he coom oth' harstone, on his heeod ith' esshole: his scrunt wig feel off, on o hontle o whot couks feel into't, on brunt, on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt o'er his sow, on lee like o hawmbark on his shilders. I glendurt like a stickt tup, for fear on o dust meh seln: on crope fur into th' chimney. Oytch body thowt ot mezzil fease wou'd mey a flittink on't, on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n eawt, "*a doctor a doctor,*" while others mead'n th' landlort go saddle th' tit to fotch one. While this wur e dooink, some on um had leet on a *kin* on a doctor ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd im th' mon oth' harstone. He leyd how'd on his arm to feel his pulse I geawse, an pood os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother arm, an wur resolv't o'er-poo him: after lookink dawkingly-wise a bit, he geete fro his whirly booans, and sed to um aw, "While his heart beeots an his blood sarclates there's hopes, boh when that stops its whooup with him efeath." Mezzil fease hearink summon o' whooup, startit to his feet, flote none, boh gran like a foomurt-dog; on seete ot black swarffy tyke weh booath neaves, on wawtit him o'er into th' galkeer, ful o new drink wortching: he begun o possing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur blendit

fellow, such a bang of the chops that he fairly reeled again with: and down he came on the hearthstone, with his head in the ash-hole: his besom wig fell off, and a handful of hot coals fell into it, and burnt and frizzled it so, that when he tried to put it on, an unlucky chap gave it a pull and it slipt over his head, and lay like a horse's collar on his shoulders: I stared like a stuck tup, for fear of a dust myself: and crept further into the chimney. Each body thought the rough-faced fellow would have made a departure of it, and die in a crack; so some of them cried out, "*a doctor! a doctor!*" whilst others made the landlord go saddle the tit to fetch one. While this was a-doing some of them found a *kind* of a doctor that lived a bit off, and showed him the man on the hearthstone. He laid hold of his arm, to feel his pulse I guess, and pulled as if he'd seen death pulling at the other arm, and was resolved to over-pull him: after looking foolishly wise a while, he got from his knees and said to them all, "While his heart beats and his blood circulates there's hope, but when that stops it's all up with him in faith." Fiery-pimple-face, hearing somewhat of "all up," started to his feet, stopt none, but ran like a ferret dog; and set at the black swarthy chap with both fists, and

t'gether snap. 'Sflesh, Meary! theaw'd o bepiss't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; and whot o hobthrust eh lookt weh aw that berm obeawt im. He kept droying his een: boh he moot as weel ha sowt um in his a—e, tin th' lonledy had mede an eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot pump: when he coom in ogen, he glooart awvishly ot mezzil fease; on mezzil fease glendurt os wrythenly ot im ogen; boh noather warrit nor thrapt: so they seete um deawn, on then the londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pay far th' lumber ot teyd'n done ur. "Meh drink's war be o creawn," sed hoo; "beside, there's two tumblers, three quifting pots, on four pipes masht, on o how papper o bacca shed:" this mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black tyke's passion wur coolt at't pump, on th' wythen kibbo had quiet'nt tother; so ot teh camm'd little or none, boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, on wur friends ogen in o sniff.

Mea. This wur mad gawmbling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' eawl.

overturned him into the tub in which the drink was working: he began a knocking and thumping him into it so, that all blended together quickly. 'Sflesh, Mary! thou'd have watered to have seen how the gaby was altered when that they pulled him out; and what an apparition he looked, with all the yeast and froth of the drink about him. He kept drying his eyes; but he might as well have sought them in his bottom, until the landlady had made an hour's labour upon him at the pump: when he came in again he looked queerly at pimpled-face, and pimpled-face looked as illnaturedly at him again; but neither swore nor blackguarded: so they set 'em down, and then the landlady came in and would make them pay for the mischief they had done her. "My drink's worse by a crown," said she; "besides, there's two tumblers, three half-gills, and four pipes smashed, and a whole paper of tobacco shed:" this made them stare at each other again; but the black chap's passion was cooled at the pump, and the willow stick had quieted the other, so they grumbled little or none, but agreed to pay all between them, then sat them down, and were good friends again in a whiff.

Mary. This was mad rambling work; and nearly as bad as the taking of the owl.

Tum. Ney, naw quite noather, Meary; for berm's o howsome smell: heawe'er, when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' foyar ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully, for I'r booath cowd on weet, os well as hongry on droy.

Mea. Beleemy, Tummus, yo mootn weell; boh yoarn in o good kele too to, ot idd'n money eh yer pocket.

Tum. Eigh, I thowt I'd money enough; boh theawst hear moor o that een na. So I cawd for summot t'eat, on o pint o ele; on hoo browt me some hog-mutt'n on special turmits; on as prime veeol on pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip neaw on then o lunshun, boh Tum took care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for I eet like o *Yorsharmon,* en cleeart th' stoo.

Tho. No, not quite, for yeast has a *wholesom.* smell: however, when all was settled, I crept near to the fire again, for I wanted a warm sadly,—for I was both cold and wet, as well as hungry and dry.

Mary. Believe me, Thomas, you might well be so; but you're in a good place too, and you had money in your pocket.

Tho. Ay, I thought I had money enough; but thou'lt hear more of that just now. So I called for something to eat, and a pint of ale; and she brought me some pork and raw turnips, and as fine veal and ham as need to be touched: I crammed Nip now and then with a luncheon, but Tom took care of the other, every bit; for I eat like a Yorkshire-man, and cleared the table.

SCENE V.

Nought to Pay

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Mea. WELL done, Tummus! yoad'n sure need no ree supper, for yo shadd'n wrynot, on slanst th' charges frowt, I hear.

Tum. True; so I seete on restut meh, on drank me pint o ele; boh as I'r naw greadly sleckt, I cawd for another, on bezzilt tat too, for I'r os droy as soot; on as't wur t' lete t'gooa anny whither weh meh bitch, I askt th' londledey in eh cou'd staw aw neet; hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd. Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey. I geaw with thee, ko hoo? whot ar to feeard o boggarts, or theaw'rt naw weynt yet, on connaw sleep beawt o pap? 'Sflesh, sed I, whot are ye tawking on? I want gut' bed. Ho, ho, if that be aw, sed hoo, Margits't show thee. So

SCENE V.

Shot, and no Money.

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Mary. WELL done, Thomas! you'd sure need no second supper, for you eat so much that you took the profits from it, I hear.

Tho. True; so I sat and rested myself, and drank my pint of ale; but as I had not well quenched my thirst, I called for another, and took that in too, for I was as dry as soot; and as it was too late to go any where with my bitch, poor Nip, I asked the landlady if she could let me rest all night; she told me I might, if I would. Said I, I'll go now, if you'll go with me. I go with thee, say you? what, art thou afraid of ghosts, or thou'rt not weaned yet, and cannot sleep without the breast? 'Sflesh, said I, what art thou talking of? I want to go to bed. Ho,

Margit leet o condle, on shewd meh o wistey reawm, on o bed weh curtnurs forsuth! I thowt Margit pottert on fettlt lung i'th choamber ofore ho laft it, on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o tussling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for catterweawing, so I sed nowt too 'ur; boh I forthowt sin, for hoor no daggletele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o loss os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

Mea. Marry kem eawt! like enough, why not? Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honsome?

Tum. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er, when hoor gon, I doft meh donk shoon on hoyse, on me doage clooas, on geet in; on eh truth, Meary, I newer lee eh sitch bed sin eh wur kersunt.

Mea. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n sleep seawndly?

Tum. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did, for I'r meetily troublt abeawt me kawve: besides, I'r feeard o eawer fok seeching meh, on meh measter beasting meh when he geet whooam; its true meh carkuss wur pratty yeasy, boh meh mind moot os weel o line on o pissmotehoyle, or in o rook o hol-

ho, if that be all, said she, Marg'ret will show thee. So Marg'ret lighted a candle, and showed me a large room, and a bed with curtains forsooth! I thought Marg'ret was confused and lingered long in the chamber before she left it, and I suspected that she longed for a bit of pulling and hauling; but somehow I was so tired and bashful that I was in no humour for caterwauling, so I said nothing to her; but I have forethought myself since, for she was no dirty one, I'll assure thee, but as nice a lass as Sarah at Richard's, every bit.

Mary. Marry come up! like enough, why not? Is Sarah at Richard's so handsome?

Tho. Ay, she's moderately. However, when she was gone, I took off my wet shoes and hose, and my wet clothes, and got in; and in truth, Mary, I never lay in such a bed since I was christened.

Mary. O dear Thomas, I should have liked to have been with you; I warrant you'd sleep soundly?

Tho. Nay, I cannot say that I did, for I was much troubled about my calf: besides, I was afraid of our folk seeking me, and my master beating me when I got home; it's true, my carcass was pretty easy, but my mind might as well have lain in an ant's hole, or on a heap of holly or

lins or gorses, for it wur one o'clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me een.

Mea. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith' mourning when eh wack'nt?

Tum. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwooanish clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh brass o meh brekfust: so I cawd, on th' londledey coom, on kest it up to throtteen-pence! So, thowt I t' meh seln, o weawnded deeol! whot *strushon* hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund meh seln o how wick weh hus for that money. I'st naw hav one boadle t' sphere o meh "ohyde silver:" on neaw I'r in os ill o kele meetshad, wur eh naw?

Mea. Now marry! naw yo: in idd'n mede strusshion, on bezzilt owey moor brass inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

Tum. I find teaw con tell true to a hure, into will, Meary; boh, byth' miss! when ot eh coom't grope eh meh slop t' pey 'ur, I'r weawndedly glopp'nt, for the dule o hawpunny had eh! on whether eh lost it ith' bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th' doytch-backs, I no moor know in th' mon ith' moon, boh gon it wur! I steart like o wil-cat, on wur welly gawmless: on ot last I towd hur I'd lost meh money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon

gorse, for it was one o'clock before I could close my eyes.

Mary. Well, and how got you on in the morning, when you wakened?

Tho. Why, as I was putting on my wettish clothes, I thought I'll know how my shot stands before I'll spend more of my brass at my breakfast: so I called, and the landlady came, and cast it up to thirteen-pence! So, thought I to myself, it's a plaguy deal; what *destruction* have I made here! I could have found myself a whole week with us for that money. I shall not have one farthing to spare of my "Hide silver:" and now I was in as bad a case as could be, wasn't I now?

Mary. No, marry! not you: if you had made away with more money than you had, you might have talked.

Tom. I find thou can'st tell true to a hair, if thou wilt, Mary; but, by the mass! when I came to grope in the bottom of my pocket to pay her, I was woundily frightened, for the devil a ha'penny had I! and whether I had lost it in the brook or with scrambling over the ditch banks, I no more knew than the man in the moon, but gone it was! I stared like a wild cat and was nearly motionless: at last I told her I had lost my money! Said she,

mon; yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me? that tele winnaw fit meh; for yoar liket' pey o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo mey grope eh meh breeches in he win. Theaw'rt some mismanert jackonapes I'll uphowd tey, sey hoo: ney, ney, I'st naw grope eh the breeches, not I. Whau, sed I, yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh woollen mittins, and meh sawt cleawt. Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw booath worth aboon two groats. I nowt elze, sed I, beawt yean ha meh sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet, becose Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last kersmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for theow'rt some arron rascot I'll uphowd teh. So I gen um her; on still this broddling fussock lookt feaw os tunor when I'd done.

Mea. Good-lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th' warst luck ot ewer kersun soul had.

Tum. Theaw'll say so eend neaw! Well, I'r toyart o that pleck, on crope owey witheawt bit or sope, or cup o sneeze; for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I soyn sperr'd this gentlemon's hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' shipp'n, on seed o mon stonning ith' groop. Sed I, is yer measter o' whoam, prey o? Eigh,

what do you mean man? you are now putting Yorkshire on me, that tale will not suit me, for you are like to pay it somehow. Said I, but it's true, and you may feel in my breeches if you will. Thou art some mismannered jackanapes, I'll uphold thee, said she: nay, nay, I'll not feel in thy breeches, not I. Well, said I, you are like to have nought, without you'll take my woollen gloves, and my clout, I had carried the salt in. Those will not do, said she, they are not both worth above two groats. I have nought else, said I, without you'll have my snuff horn, and I'm loth to part with it, because Sarah at Richards's gave it me last Christmas. Let's see them, said she, for thou art some arrant rascal I'll uphold thee. So I gave them to her; and still this fat fussock of a woman looked as black as thunder when I'd done.

Mary. Good gracious! I think you'd the worst luck that ever christian soul had.

Tho. Thou'lt say so just now! Well, I was tired of the place, and crept away without bite or sup, or pinch of snuff; for I played the fool and let that go too. I soon spied the gentleman's hall out; and when I got there, I gave a look into the cow-house, and saw a man standing in the cow's stall. Said I, is your master at home pray?

sed he. I wou'd idd'n tell him I'd fene speyk at him, sed I. Yigh, sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner gooan, boh a fine, fattish, throbby gentlemon, coom in a trice, on axt meh whot he wantut? Sed I, I understond yo want'n o good *bandyhewit*, sur, on I've a pure on t' sell here. Let's see th' shap on hur, sed he; so I stroakt hur deawn th' back, on croobb'd hur oth' greawnd. Hoos th' fin'st ot ew'ry saigh, sed he; boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the; for I geete two this last week, on they mey'dn up meh keawnt.—Neaw Meary, I'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knockt meh o'er with a pey.—Boh whot's teh price, sed he? I connaw thwooal hur t' meh nown broother under o ginny, sed I. Hoos cheeop o that, sed he; on no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

Mea. Odds like! yoarn lung eh finding o chapmon; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

Tum. Eigh, fittut eigh; far they ned'n none no moor in I need wetur eh meh shoon, not tey: but theaw'st hear. Then sed he, there's an old cratchenly gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us; ot I believe 'll gi thee the price: if not, justice sitch o one's o likely chap, iftle goo thither. Sed I, I'r there last oandurth,

Ay, said he. I would you would tell I would feign speak to him, said I. Ay, said he, that I'll do. So he was no sooner gone, but a fine fattish bulky gentleman came in a trice, and asked me what I wanted? Said I, I understand you want a good bandyhewit, and I've a rare one to sell here. Let me see the shape of her, said he: so I stroked her down the back, and gently put her on the ground. She's the finest I ever saw, said he, but I doubt things fall unluckily for thee, for I got two this last week, and they made up my count. Now, Mary, I was ready to sink down, and thou might have knocked me over with a pea. But what is the price said he? I cannot afford her to my own brother under a guinea, said I. She's cheap at that, said he; and no doubt but thou may sell her.

Mary. It's not like, for you're long in finding a chapman, each body's always supplied so.

Tho. Ay, supplied ay, for they wanted none, no more than I did water in my shoes, not they: but thou'lt hear. Then, said he, there is an old feeble gentleman that lives at yonder house among those trees, just opposite to us; that I believe will give thee thy price: if not, justice such-a-one is a likely chap if thou'lt go thither. Said I, I was

on he'd leet o oneth yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, sed he. Eigh, sed I, so it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o labber obeawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd gentlemon's lik'ly'st of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh manners, on seete eawt for this tother pleck.

Mea. I hope in ha' better luck, egodsnum.

Tum. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: for neaw it popt int' mind, ot Nip did naw howd her tele heeigh enough, on ot fok wou'd naw buy her becose o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two eawnce o' pepper when id meh sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o thar-cake, I'd rub her a—se weet: for I had seen *Oamfrey o'Matho's* pley that tutch be his crewparst-mare, that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet teear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd mon ith' fowd, ossing t' geet o tit back. Sed I too him, is yoarn neme Mr. *Scar?* Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: what wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, sed I, ot yo want'n o *bandyhewit,* on I've o tiptop on eh meh arms here os onny's eh

there last evening, and he had lighted of one the morning before. That fell badly for thee, said he. Aye, said I, so it even did! for I made a deal of talk about it I'm sure. Well, but this old gentleman is the likeliest of any I know. So I made him my manners (by bowing) and set out for this other place.

Mary. I hope you'll have better luck, in God's name.

Tho. Why, I thought I could too, for now it came into my mind, that Nip did not hold her tail high enough, and that folk would not buy her on account of that; and if thou hast not forgotten, I I bought two ounces of pepper when I'd my salt; and although it was as sodden as an oaten cake, I'd rub her with it; for I'd seen *Humphrey* at *Mathews's* play that trick by his bay-breeched mare that day that *Jem* of the *Red Bank* came to buy her. So just before I got there, I rubbed her primely in faith; even till she yelled again. I was at the house in a crack, and found the old man in the yard, beginning to get on horseback. Said I to him, is your name Mr. *Scar*? Said he, thou'rt either right or very near it, but I guess I am he that thou means; what wants thou with me? I am informed, said I, you want a *bandyhewit*, and I've

Englandshiar. That's a greyt breeod, sed he; but prethe let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

Mea. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd felly, too-to.

Tum. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'st rascot on um aw: boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his honds wackert so despratly, ot he cou'd naw stick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort, thowt I, Nip; cock the tele on show the sell; boh estid ot that, hoo seet up o yeawll, clapt th' tele between hur legs, on crope into o hoyle ith' horse-stone!

Mea. Fye onn'r, I'st ha bin os mad attur os o pottert-wasp.

Tum. Whau, I'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur so wofully; heaw'eer I sed to th' owd mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoose no foogoad on a bitch! Now, now, sed he, I feel os fat os o snig, on os smoot os o mowdewarp: on I find os plene os o pike-staff, be hur lennock yeears, ot hoose reet bread: on I'd a had 'ur if hoode cost meh o moider, but ot o friend has sent meh one eawt o *Yorshar*, on I need no moor:

a tiptop one in my arms as any in England. That's a great breed, said he, but prithee let's feel her a bit, for if I touch her, I can tell whither she is a right breed or not.

Mary. Egad, but that was a mighty false old fellow to be sure.

Tho. 'Sflesh, Mary, I think in my guts he was the biggest rascal of them all: but I let him examine her, and he was so weakly, and his hands shook so desperately, that he could not stick to her, and she jumpt down. Now for it, thought I, Nip, cock thy tail and show thyself: but instead of that, she set up a yell, clapt the tail between her two legs, and crept into the hole under the horse-block.

Mary. Fye upon her, I should have been as mad at her as a vexed wasp.

Tho. Why, I was as mad as thou couldst be, that she had showed herself so shamefully; however I said to the old man, must I take her again, for you'll find she's no lap-dog! No, no, said he, I feel she's as fat as a snig, and as smooth as a mole: and I find as plain as a pikestaff, by her pliant slender ears that she's of the right breed: and I'd have had her, if she had cost me a moidore, but that a friend has sent me one out of Yorkshire,

boh I'll swop with the into will. Now, sed I, I'll swop none: for I'll oather have a ginny for hur, or hoost newer gooa while meh heeod stons o meh shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, sed he; boh hast' bin ot yon fine bigging anent us? Eigh, sed I, boh he's onoo on um. Well but they're os scant neaw os ewer the wur eh this warld, sed he; on there's one *Muslin* eh *Ratchdaw*, ot's o meety lover on um. Whau, sed I, I'st go see. On *neaw* Meary, I begun t' mistrust ot tearn'n *meying o foo on meh!*

Mea. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er wur be aw o like.

and I need no more, but I'll change with thee if thou wilt. No, said I, I'll swop none, for I'll either have a guinea for her, or she never goes while my head stands on my shoulders. Then I can bargain none with thee, says he; but hast thou been at that big house opposite? Aye, said I, *(snappishly)* but he's enough of them. Well but they are as scarce now as ever they were in the world, said he; and there's one *Muslin* at Rochdale, that is a mighty lover of them. Well, said I, I'll go and see. And *now* Mary, I began to mistrust they were *making a fool of me!*

Mary. The deuce take them, but they never could be *all* alike.

SCENE VI.

More thumps than aw'pence.

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Tum. Whau, boh howd tey tung o bit, on theawst hear; for I thought I'd try this tother felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: for then it wou'd be os plene os *Blackstonehedge* ot tearn meying oh arron gawby on meh. So I went t' *Ratchdaw,* on sperr'd 'tis mon eawt. I found im o back oth' shopboort, weh o little dog ot side on 'im: thowt I t'meh seln I would teaw'a choak't this felley 'll be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he, onnist mon whot done yo pleeost' hav? I want nowt ot he han, sed I, for I'm come'n t' sell ye o *bandyhewit.* Neaw, Meary, this rascot os weel ost' rest, roost meh bitch to the varra welkin; but ot tat time—*he did naw want one!*

SCENE VI.

More blows than looked for.

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Tho. WELL, but hold thy tongue a bit and thou'lt hear; for I thought I'd try this other fellow, and if he has got fixed too, I would try no more; for then it would be as plain as *Blackstone Hedge** that they were making an arrant jack-ass of me. So I went to Rochdale, and looked this man out. I found him at the back of the shopboard, with a little dog aside of him: thought I to myself I would thou was choked, this fellow will be fixed too, I doubt. Well, said he, honest man, what do you please to have? I want nothing that you have, said I, for I am come to sell you a bandyhewit. Now, Mary, this rascal, as well as the rest, praised my bitch to the skies; but at that time—*he did not want one!*

* An extensive hill near Rochdale.

Mea. E wea's me, Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit neatril on o!

Tum. O, neatril! eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur mede sin Kene kilt Ebil! on neaw I'r so strackt woode I'r arronly moydert, on cou'd ha fund eh meh heart't a jowd aw ther sows together. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave o rabblement wer watching on meh at t' dur. One on um sed, this is im; onother, he's here; on one basturtly-gullion asht mey if I'd sowd meh *bandyhewit?* By th' miss, Meary, I'r so augurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' yeear, on then weh meh hough puncht him into th' rig-got; on ill grim'd on deet th' lad wur for shure: then they aw seete ogen meh, on ofore I'd gon o rood, ih' lad's moother coom, on crope sawfly be-hunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' rindle, on th' hoor ot top on meh: while th' tuffle lastit, hur lad (on the basturts ot took his part) kept griming, on deeting meh weh sink durt, ot I thowt meh een would newer ha done good ogen; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er the heeod in o midding spuce, or ot teying o *two* eawls.

Mea. E walla dey, whot obunnanze o misfartins yo had'n.

Mary. Eh! dear me, Thomas! I doubt they were making a perfect natural of thee!

Tho. A natural! aye, the biggest that ever was made since Cain killed Abel! and now I was so stark-mad, I was downright bothered, and could have found in my heart to have jolted all their heads together. I was no sooner out of doors but a posse of rabble were waiting for me at the door. One of them said, this is him; another, he's here; and one bastardly bastard asked if I had sold my bandyhewit? By the mass, Mary, I was so angered at that, that I up with my griffined fists and hit him a good thump on the head, and then with my foot kicked him into the channel; and all bemired with dirt the lad was for sure: then they all set against me, and before I had gone a rood, the lad's mother came, and crept softly behind me, and got me by the hair, and down came Nip with me into the channel, and the —— at top of me: while the struggle lasted, her lad (and the bastards who took his part) kept besmearing me with street dirt, and I thought my eyes would never have done good again; for I might as well have been over head in a horse wash or at the taking of *two* owls.

Mary. Ah! well-a-day! what abundance of misfortunes you had.

Tum. Eigh, for if *Owd Nick* owt me a spite, he pede me whoam weh use: for while the skirmidge lastut, owth teawn wur cluttert obeawt us: I sheamt os if I'd stown summut, on skampurt owey weh o fleigh eh me yeear, on up th' broo into th' church-yort: there I'd o mind t' see if onney body follut meh. I turn'd meh, on who te dule dust think? boh I'd los Nip.

Mea. Whot senneh!

Tum. It's true, Meary; so I cawd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund, hee nor low: on far aw I knew meh measter seete sitch stoar on hur, becose o fotchink th' beaoss on sheep, I durst os tite o tean o bear by th' tooth ostta os seech hur ith' teawn. So I took eendwey, for it wur welly neet; on I'd had noather bit nor sope, nor cup o sneeze of aw that dey.

Mea. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os grewnt; on welly fammisht.

Tum. I tell the, Meary, I'r welly moydart: then I thowt meh heart wou'd ha sunk int' meh shoon; for it feld os heavy os o mustert boah, on I stanck so, it mede meh os waughish os owt, on I'd two or three wetur tawms: beside aw this, meh belly warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle whoam, on fease meh measter!

Tho. Aye, for if Old Nick owed me a spite, he paid me home with use: for while the skirmish lasted, all the town was gathered about us: I was shamed as if I'd stolen something, and scampered away with a flea in my ear, and up the hill into the churchyard: there I'd a mind to see if any body followed me. I turned me, and what the devil dost think? but I had lost Nip.

Mary. What say you!

Tho. It's true, Mary! so I called and I whistled, but no Nip was to be found, high or low: and for all I knew my master set such store on her, because of fetching the beast and sheep, I durst as soon have taken a bear by the tooth, as to attempt to seek her in the town. So I took the straightway, for it was nearly night; and I'd neither had bit or sup, or pinch of snuff, all that day.

Mary. Why, you'd be as empty as the ground, and nearly famished.

Tho. I'll tell thee, Mary, I was nearly non-plused; then I thought my heart would have sunk in my shoes, for it felt as heavy as a mustard ball, and I stunk so! that it made me as faintish as any thing, and I had two or three water vomits: besides all this my belly ached; and in this state I must dandle home, and face my master!

Mea. E dear! whot o kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

Tum. Whau, I'st tell the moor o that eend neaw: b'o furst theaw mun know, that os I'r gooink toart whom os denawnheartit on mallancholy os a methodist ot thinks he's in pig of Owd Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o tit back on leeoding onother: thinks I t' meh sell, this is some Yorshar horse jockey; I wou'd he'd le meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r wofoo weak on waughish. This thought had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before ot felly sed, "Come, honesty, theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart, theawst ride o bit, into will." That's whot eh want, sed I, in ye pleeas'n, for I'm welly done. So loothe Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer rid yeasier sin eh cou'd geet o humpstridd'n o tit back.

Mea. A good deed, *Tummus;* that wur no ill felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

Tum. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny on mony o time, on neaw theaw p—sses by the bowogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's hobby horse a *howdey t'gether* estid o getting o this tit: for hark the meh, we'd naw ridd'n oboon five rood but felly asht meh heaw far I'r gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave.

Mary. Eh dear! what a sort of a bout had you with him?

Tho. Why, I'll tell you more of that just now: but first thou must know, that as I was going towards home as downhearted and melancholy as a methodist, who thinks he's in pig of Old Harry, a man overtook me riding on horseback and leading another; thinks I to myself, this is some Yorkshire horse jockey; I would he'd let me ride: for thou must know I was sadly weak and faintish. This thought had hardly struck into my head before the fellow said, " Come honesty, thou looks as if thou was badly tired, thou may ride a bit if thou hast a mind." That's what I want, said I, if you please, for I am nearly done. So, look you, Mary, I got on; and I thought I never rid so easily since I could get a cross-stride a horseback.

Mary. A good deed, Thomas; that was no ill fellow; you'd have no ill luck at this turn however.

Tho. Aye, Mary, thou'st even guessed wrong many and many a time, and now thou passes by the right again; for I would I had ridden our Billy's hobby horse a *whole day together*, instead of getting on this tit: for harkee me, we'd not rode above five roods but the fellow asked me how far I was going that way? Says I, about a mile and

That's reet, seys he; there's on eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after, on I'll stey for the there. So he seet off like hey go mad; boh I kept o foot's peese: for me tit swat on semm'd os toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe, Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch o boon hawfe o mile, boh I heard some fook cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop, os if the deel had had halliday. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh, boh one on um sweer by th' mass, this is my tit, on I'll heyt too, if Owd Nick ston not ith' gap. With that o lusty wither tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o bassoon, on slapping meh oth' shilders weet, sed, "friend I'm o cunstoble, an yore my prisner." "The deel tey yer friendship, on constableship too," sed I; "whot dunneh meeon mon? what mun I be prisner for?" "Yoan stown that tit," sed he, "on yoast good back wimmy before o justice." "I stown nont ont'," sed I, "for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o mon ots gallopt ofore, on whooa I took for th' owner, ga'meh leeof; so whot bishan oather yo or th' justice weh meh! Stuff, stuff, meer balderdash, sed the cunstable.

a half. That's right, says he; there's an alehouse just thereabouts; I'll ride on and thou must come softly after, and I will stay for thee there. So he set off like " hey go mad," but I kept a footpace: for my tit sweat and seemed as tired as I was. Now look you, Mary, after this I hadn't rode above half a mile, but I heard some folks coming after me on the gallop o gallop, as if the devil had had holiday. They had hardly overtaken me, but one of them swore, by the mass, this is my horse, and I'll have her too, if Old Nick stands not in the gap. With that a lusty strong chap pulled out a thing like a piece of a bassoon, and clapping me on the shoulders with it, said, " friend I'm a constable, and you are my prisoner." The devil take your friendship and constableship, said I, what do you mean man, what must I be a prisoner for? " You have stolen that tit," said he, " and you must go back with me before the justice." I stole none of it, said I, for I but just now light on it, and the man that is gallopped before, and who I took for the owner, gave me leave, therefore what business has either you or the justice with me?*

* It is an extraordinary fact, that a similar trick with two bullocks was practised on a young man, near London, in the latter end of 1827, of the name of Gill, who was tried and

Wi' that I leep off th' tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the deel o; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

Mea. Weel actit Tummus; that wur monfully sed, on done to, think I.

Tum. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur: "Cum, cum," sed th' constable; "that wiffo whaffo stuff winnow doo for me: for gooa yo boath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook." On wi' that he pood eawt some ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parsil o cheeons. Weawns, thinks I t' me sell, whot ar theese? In the bin shackils, I'm o rere scroap indeed; I'm wur off neaw in e'er eh wur: I'st be hong'd, or some devilement ot tis very time. Fo be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill os if theaw or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing bell.

Mea. Good lorjus deys! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n!

Tum. Heawe'er I mustert up my curridge, on sed, "Hark o', yo cunstable, put up thoose things ot rick'n so; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa, on

"Stuff, stuff, mere balderdash," said the constable. With that I leaped off the tit in a great passion, and said, "If it be yours take it you, to the devil if you will; for I know nought about it, nor ye neither, not I."

Mary. Well acted, Thomas; that was manfully said and done too, I think.

Tho. But hush, Mary, and thou'lt hear further. "Come, come," said the constable, "that shilly-shally stuff will not do for me; for go you both must and shall, either by hook or by crook." And with that he pulled out some trinkums, that rattled like a parcel of chains. Zounds, thinks I to myself, what are [illegible]? If they are shackles, I'm in a rare scrape indeed; I'm worse off now than I ever was; I shall be hanged, or some devilment, at this very time. For by my troth, Mary, I hated the very jingling of his thingembobs, as ill as if thou or any man else had been ringing my passing bell.

Mary. Good Lord a days! its not to tell how crooked things can happen!

Tho. However, I mustered up my courage, and said, "Hark ye, you constable, put up those things that rattle so; and if I must go, I will go,

condemned, but afterwards, upon a strong representation, reprieved.

quietly too; for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o mad-dog.

Mea. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! why, Tummus, its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod ot tis seme horse-jockey had stown th' tit, on for fear o bene o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own beak'n, on so put Yorshar on ye o thiss'n.

Tum. Why I think theaw guexes too o hure; for he slipt th' rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's sarten. Heawe'r it mede pittifoo wark indeed, to be guardit be two men on o cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw, where I'd so letely lost meh bitch, on bin so very maw-kinly rowlt ith riggot! Heaweer, theese cunstable fok wur meety meeverly on modest too to, on as mute os modywarps, for we geet thro' th' teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot justices in a crack.

Mea. E deer, Tummus, did naw a hawter run strawngely eh yer heeod? for summot runs eh mine os int wur full o ropes on pully-beawls.

Tum. Why loothe, Meary, I thought so pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw; for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heeod; for thinks

and quietly too; for thou know'st that force is medicine for a mad dog."

Mary. Oh dear! oh dear, dear! why, Thomas, it's just now come into my head that this same horse-jockey had stolen the tit, and, for fear of being overtaken, got you to ride to save his own bacon, and so put Yorkshire on you in this manner.

Tho. Why I think thou guesses to a hair; for he slipped the rope from about his own neck and put it on mine, that's certain. However, it made pitiful work indeed, to be guarded by two men and a constable back again through Rochdale, where I had so lately lost my bitch and been so very dirtily rolled in the gutter! However, these constable folks were mighty genteel and modest too, and as mute as moles, for we got through the town, with very little staring, and less pumping, and were at the justice's in a crack.

Mary. O dear, Thomas! did not a halter run strangely in your head? for something runs in mine, as if it was full of ropes and pully-halls.

Tho. Why look ye, Mary, I thought so plaguy hard that I could think of nothing at all; for see thee me, I was frightened all sorts of ways. Still, I'd one comfort always popped in my head; for

I t'meh sell, I stown no horse, not I; on theaw knows ot truth on honesty gooink "hont eh hont," howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ston os stiff os o gablock.

Mea. True, Tummus, theyre prime props at o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

Tum. Theaws no peshunce, Meary; boh howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift: for theaw mun know, ot tis some cunstable wur os preawd ot id tean poor Tum prisner, or if theaw'd tean o hare on had hur eh the appern meet neaw; boh th' gobbin ne'er considert o' honging would naw be cawd good spooart be ony body eh ther senses, on wer enough fort' edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knock os bowdly ot justice's dur, os if id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck we as money books an papers os a cart wou'd howd. To this mon (whooa I soon perceiv't wur th' clark) th' cunstable tow'd meh wofoo kese; an eh truth, Meary, I'r os gawmless os o goose, on began o whackering os if I'd stown o how draight o horses. Then this felly went eawt o bit, on with him coom the justice, whooa I glendurt sooar, an thowt he favort owd John o' Dobs,

thinks I to myself, I've stolen no horse, not I; and thou know'st, that truth and honesty, going "hand in hand," hold up one another's backs primely, and stand as stiff as an iron bar.

Mary. True, Thomas, they're prime props at a pinch, that's certain. But I am anxious to hear how things turned out at the end of all.

Tho. Thou'st no patience, Mary; but hold thy tongue and thou'lt hear in a minute: for thou must know this same constable was as proud that he had taken poor Tom prisoner, as if thou'd taken a hare and had it in thy apron just now; but the blockhead never considered that hanging would not be called good sport by any body in their senses, and was enough for to edge a finer man's teeth than mine. However, he knocked as boldly at the justice's door as if he would have knocked it down. This fetched a proud, gruff fellow out, who put us into a place with as many books and papers as a cart would hold. To this man (who I soon perceived was the clerk) the constable told my woful case; and in truth, Mary, I was as stupid as a goose, and began a-trembling as if I had stolen a whole draught of horses. Then this fellow went out a bit, and with him came the justice, whom I stared at sorely, and thought he

whooa theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish white wig, ot hongs on his shilders like keaw-teals. "Well, Mr. Cunstable," sed justice, "whot han ye brought me neaw?" "Why, pleeos yer worship, ween meet neaw tean o horse-steyler, whooa wur meying off with tit os hard os he cou'd." Od, thought I't meh seln, "neaw or never" Tum! speyke for the sell, or theawrt throttlt ot tis very beawt; so I speek up, an sed, "that's naw true, Mr. Justice: for I'r boh gooink ofoot's pese." "Umph," sed th' justice, "there's naw mitch difference as to that point. Heawe'er, howd teaw the tung, yung mon, and speyk when the'rt spokk'n too. Well, theaw mon ith breawn cooat, theaw!" sed th' justice, "whot has theaw to sey ogen this felly here? Is this tit thy tit, seys to?" "It is, sur." "Here clark, bring's that book, on lets swear him." Here th' justice sed o nominy to 'im, on towd 'im he munt tey kere o whot eh sed, or he moot as helt be foresworn, or hong that yeawth there. "Well, on theaw seys ot tis tit's thy tit, is it?" "It is, pleeos yer worship." "On where had teaw him, seys to?" "I bred im, sur." "E whot country?" "Cown-edge, sur." "On when wur he stown, seys to?" "Last dey boh yusterday, abeawt three o' clock ith oandurth: for eawr

favoured old John at Dobb's, who thou know'st always wears a brownish white wig, that hangs on his shoulders like cow-tails. "Well, Mr. Constable," said the justice, "what have you brought me now?" "Why, please your worship, we've just now taken a horse-stealer, who was making off with a tit as hard as he could." Odd, thought I to myself, "now or never" Tom! speak for thyself, or thou'lt be throttled at this very bout; so I spake up, and said, "That's not true, Mr. Justice; for I was but going at a foot's pace." "Humph," said the justice, "there's not much difference as to that point. However, hold thee thy tongue, young man, and speak when thou'rt spoken to. Well, thou man in the brown coat, thou!" said the justice, "what hast thou to say against this fellow here? Is this tit thy tit, say'st thou?" "It is, sir." "Here clerk, bring us that book, and let us swear him." Here the justice said a rigmarole to him, and told him he must take care what he said or he might as likely be forsworn, and hang that youth there. "Well, and thou say'st that this tit is thy tit, is it?" "It is, please your worship." "And where hadst thou him, say'st thou?" "I bred him, sir." "In what country?" "Coln-edge, sir." "And when was

Yem saigh 'im abeawt two, on we mist 'im obeawt four o'clock." "On fro Cown-edge, theaw seys?" "Yus, sur." Then the justice turn'd im to me, on sed, "Is aw tis true ot this man seys, hears to meh? "It is," sed I, part on't; on part on't is naw: for I did naw steyl this tit: nor ist oboon two eawrs sin furst time ot eh brad meh e'n on im." "Heaw coom theaw't be riding owey wi' im then, if theaw did naw steyl im?" "Why, o good deed, sur; os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o felly weh o little reawnd hat, on o scrunt wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh shorter, o'ertook meh; he wur riding o one tit on lad another. Neaw this mon seeink I'r toyart, becose I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth' proffer, beleemy, on geet on: boh he rid off, whip on spur, tho he cou'd hardly mey th' tit keawnter, on wou'd stey on meh ot on eleheawse ith' road. Naw, measter justice, I'd naw gon three-quarters on o mile boh theese fok o'ertean meh; towd meh I'd stown th' tit, on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o 'Yorshar horse-steyler.' On this is aw true, master justice, or mey I *ne'er* gut' on ill pleck when eh dee."

he stolen, sayest thou?" "Last day but yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon; for our Jem saw him about two, and we miss'd him about four o'clock." "And from Coln-edge* thou says?" "Yes, sir." Then the justice turned him to me and said, "Is all this true that this man says, hears thou me?" "It is," said I, "part of it, and part of it is not: for I did not steal the tit; nor is it above two hours since the first time I ever clapped my eyes on it." "How came thou to be riding away with him then, if thou did not steal him?" "Why! in good deed, sir, as I was going towards home to-day, a fellow with a little round hat, and a besom wig, the colour of yours, nearly, but shorter, overtook me; he was riding on one tit and led another. Now this man seeing I was tired, because I went 'wigglety-wagglety' in the lane, he offered me his led tit to ride on. I was glad of the offer, believe me, and got on: but he rode off 'whip and spur,' though he could hardly make the tit canter, and said he would stay for me at an alehouse on the road. Now, master justice, I had not gone three-quarters of a mile, but these folks overtook me; told me I had stolen the tit, and now have brought me hither as if I was a 'Yorkshire horse-stealer.' And this is all true, master

* Near Pendle-hill, Lancashire.

Mea. Primely spok'n efeath, *Tummus!* yo meet "shad'n Wrynot" eh tellink this tele, think I; whot sed th' justice then?

Tum. Whau, he sed, "hears to me ogen, theaw yungster; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith' oandurth, will to?" "Whau," sed I, "I seet eawt fro whoam soon ith' yoandurth wi' o keaw on a kawve for Ratchdaw; meh kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o tit coak'n os he coom; on ith' oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this neighbourhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh bitch ot fok caw'dn o *bandyhewit,* t' see if he cou'd mey th' kawve-money up for me measter: but waes me, e'ery-body wur gett'n fittut with um! So I'r kest into th' dark, on force 't stey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet." "On where wur to yusterday," sed justice? "Wheau," sed I, "I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme sleeveless arnt, on wur forc't harbour awth' last neet in o barn where boggarts swarm'n (Lord bless us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytch body seys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a horse-jockey, on so wur tean up be theese fok for a tit-steyler." "Boh hark the meh,

justice, or may I *never* go to an ill place when I die."

Mary. Primely spoken in faith, Thomas, you might "out shadow Wrynot"* in telling this tale, think; but what said the justice then?

Tho. Why, he said, "hear thou me again, thou youngster! tell me where thou was the other day but yesterday, especially in the afternoon, wilt thou?" "Why," said I, "I set out from home soon after morning with a cow and a calf for Rochdale; my calf was killed in the lane with a tit's kicking, as I came; in the afternoon I was up and down in this neighbourhood, doing my best to sell my bitch that the folks called a *bandyhewit,* to see if I could make the calf money up for my master: but woe's me, every body had got supplied with them! So I was cast in the dark, and forced to stay at *Littleborough* all night." "And where was thou yesterday," said the justice? "Why," said I, "I wandered up and down here again on the same sleeveless errand, and was forced to shelter all last night in a barn where ghosts swarm (Lord bless us) and breed too, I believe, for each body says its never without them; and to-day as I was going home I lighted on this fellow, that I took for a horse jockey, and so was taken up by

* A vulgar, cant term. Vide Glossary.

theaw prisoner," sed th' justice, "wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yusterday wi' the dog, prethee?" "I wur, sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, for yoarn fittut too." "Whot time oth' dey moot it be, thinks to?" "Between three on four o'clock," sed I. "Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeaveby," sed he. "Here, yo master cunstable, follow me." Neaw, *Meary*, whot dust think? boh while theese two wur eawt o bit, this teastril, this tyke of o clark, caw'd me aside an proffert bring meh clear off for have o ginney. Seys I, "mon, if I knew a hawter munt mey meh neck os lung os o gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw rease hoave a ginney! for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' seve meh neck wi." "Boh," seys he, "wilt gi' the note for't?" "I'll gi' no notes, not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, ost steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh steyling ot I know on."

Mea. Good Lord o marcy! moor rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sitch teastrils for ever on o dey lunger, sey I.

Tum. Hustt, hustt, *Meary;* for neaw th' justice an th' cunstable coom in.

these folks for a tit stealer." "But, harkye me, thou prisoner!" said the justice, "was not thou here the other day but yesterday with thy dog, prithee?" "I was, sir, but you would not buy her, for you was fitted too." "What time of the day do you think it might be, think you?" "Between three and four o'clock," said I. "Believe me man I think thou'rt there or thereabout," said he. "Here you master constable, follow me." Now, Mary, what do you think? but while those two were out a bit, this cunning rogue, this tyke of a clerk, called me on one side, and proffered to bring me clear off for half a guinea. Says I, "man, if I knew a halter must make my neck as long as a gander's neck to-morrow morning, I could not raise half a guinea! for hanged or not hanged I have not one halfpenny to save my neck with." "But," says he, "will you give your note for it?" "I'll give no note, not I; for I'd as good be hanged for this job, as steal to be hanged for that, and I have no other way of raising it but stealing as I know of."

Mary. Good lord have mercy! more rogues and more; now out upon all such cunning chaps for ever and a day longer, say I.

Tho. Husht! husht! Mary, for now the constable and justice came in.

Mea. E law, I'll be hong'd meh seln if he dunnaw dither for fear: boh go forrud, *Tummus.*

Tum. Why, th' justice after rubbing his broo on droying his fease deawn, sed, " here, yo measter cunstable, on yo fellow ot owns this tit, I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith' rang box, an han gett'n th' rang soo by th' yeer; for this youngster here cou'd naw steyl this tit th' last oandurth boh one, for between three on four o'clock that dey I seed him here me sell, on yo sen this tit wur stown fro' Cown-edge obeawt that time; neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So hears to meh, yung mon, I mun quit thee as to this job; so go the wey whoam, on be onnest." " I will," sed I, " on thonks, measter justice, for yoan pood truth eawt on o durty pleck ot lunglength." So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt scroap weh meh shoough, on coom mey wey.

Mea. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bless aw honest justices, sey I.

Tum. Eigh, eigh; on so sey I too: for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a towd teh this tele. Boh yet, *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot teers meawse-neezes omung some on um, os weel os omung other fok; or why shou'd tis

Mary. Eh law! I'll be hanged myself if I do not quake for fear; but go forward Thomas.

Tho. Why, the justice, after rubbing his brow and drawing his face down, said, "Hear, you master constable, and you fellow that owns this tit, I must tell you, you're both in the wrong box, and have got the wrong sow by the ear; for this youngster here could not steal this tit the last afternoon but one; for between three and four o'clock that day I saw him here myself, and you say this horse was stolen from Coln-edge about that time; now he could not be at two places at one time, you know. So harkye me, young man, I must acquit thee as to this job; so go thy ways home, and be honest." "I will," said I, "and thanks master justice, for you've pulled truth out of a dirty place at long-length." So I made him a low bow, and a great scrape with my shoe, and came away.

Mary. Bravely come off, Tom, aye, and merrily too, I'll uphold you. Now e'en God bless all honest justices, say I.

Tho. Aye, aye, and so say I too, for I had good luck at the heel of all, or Tom had not been here to have told this tale. But yet, Mary, I think in my guts, there's mouses' nests, or knavish tricks among some of them, as well as other folk; or why

seme clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o ginney? Had naw this o strung savor of fere cheeoting; ne deawn-reet nipping o poor fok? On does teaw think ot tees justices do naw know, when these tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that fawse felly *Dick o' Yem's* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi theese catterpillars their clarks: on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme rod wi'ther clarks, hears to me?

Mea. Now, now, not tey marry; for if sitch things munt be done greadly, on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger rascot shou'd ha' th' bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus.* Boh greyt fok oft dun who te win wi' littleons, reet or rank, whot kere'n they. So let's leeof sitch to mend when the con hit on't: on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither measter?

Tum. Eigh byth' miss, *Meary*, I'd freeot'n that! Why then theaw mun know, eh sitch o kese os tat I'd no skuse to mey, for I towd im heawth' kawve wur kilt ith' lone: on ot I'd sowd the hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then, I cou'd tell im no moor, for he nipt up the deashon, ot stoode oth'

should this same clerk of his, when he perceived I was innocent, proffer to bring me off for half a guinea? Had not this a strong savour of fair cheating; nay, downright biting of poor folk? And dost thou think that justices do not know when these tykes play a hundred worse tricks than this in the year? Besides, Mary, I heard that false fellow Dick o'Jem's at old Harry's say, that he knew some of them that went snacks with these caterpillars, their clerks: and if so, should they not be horsed on the same back and whipt with the same rod as their clerks; hears thou me?

Mary. No, no, not they marry: for if such things must be done correctly, and as they ought to be, the bigger rogues should have the heavier smacks and more of them, ye know, Thomas. But great folks often do what they will, with little ones, right or wrong, what care they. So let's leave such to mend when they can hit upon it: and now tell me, how you went on with your master?

Tho. Aye, by the mass, Mary, I'd forgotten that! Why then thou must know, in such a case as that I had no excuse to make, so I told him how the calf was killed in the lane; and that I had sold the hide for thirteenpence, and then I could tell him no more; for he snatched up the

harstone, on whirld it at meh: boh estid o hitting me, it hit th' reeam-mug ot stoode oth' hob; on keyvt awth reeam into th' foyar: then th' battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' barn ot wur ith' keather I know naw, for I laft it rooaring on belling; so os I'r scamp'ring awey, eaw'r *Seroh* asht meh " where e wou'd gooa?" I towd'r " ot Nicko oth' farmer's greyt leath wur next, an I'd go thither."

Mea. Of awth' spots ith' ward, there wou'd not I ha com'n for a yepsintle a ginneys.

Tum. I geawse theaw meeons becose fok sen boggarts awlus hawntit it: boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is meds'n for a mad dog, os I tōwd te afore.

Mea. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha sunk'n into me ta harbort there.

poker that stood on the hearth stone, and whirled it at me: but instead of hitting me it hit the cream-mug that stood on the hob of the grate, and turned all the cream into the fire: then the batting staff came, and whether it lamed the child that was in the cradle I know not, for I left it roaring and bellowing; so as I was scampering away Sarah asked me, "where I would go?" I told her "that old Nick's, in the farmer's great barn was the next place, and I would go thither."

Mary. Of all the spots in the world, there would not I have gone, not for two heaped handfuls of guineas!

Tho. I guess thou means because folks say ghosts always haunt it: but thou knows I was wickedly knocked up, and force is medicine for a mad dog, as I told thee before.

Mary. It matters not; it would never have *sunk* into me to have harboured there.

SCENE VII.

I'd as leeven be kilt, as freet'n'd to deeoth!

TUMMUS *and* MEARY.

Tum. WELL, but I went; an just as I'r gett'n to th' leath dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's, their new mon.

Mea. That leet weel; for Yed's as greadly o lad as needs t' knep oth' hem of a keke.

Tum. True; so I towd im meh kese e short, an sooary he lookt too-to. "I wish e durst let te lye we me," sed he; "but as I boh coom to wun here this dey sennit, I dare naw venter: but I'll shew thee a prime mough o hey, an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know." "Thattle doo," sed I, "shew it me, for I'm stark an ill done." So while he'ur shewing it me with scoance, he sed, "I summot tell the *Tum*, boh I'm loath!" "Theaw meeons obeawt boggarts," sed I, "but I'm lik't

SCENE VII.

I'd as soon be killed, as frightened to death!

THOMAS *and* MARY.

Tho. WELL, but I went; and just as I was getting into the barn door, who should I meet but Ned at Jeremy's, their new man!

Mary. That lighted well; for Ned's as handsome a lad as needs to bite at the edge of a wedding cake.

Tho. True; so I told him my case in short, and sorry he looked to know it. "I wish I durst let thee lay with me," said he; "but as I but come to live here this day se'night, I dare not venture: but I'll show thee a prime mow of hay, and thou may'st do worse for ought I know." "That will do," said I, "show it me, for I'm stiff and badly tired." So while he was showing it me with the lanthorn, he said, "I've somewhat to tell thee, Tom, but I'm loath!" "Thou mean'st about

venter." "Theaws meet hit it," sed he; "an I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: heawe'er as th' tits mun eawt very yarly, I mun provon um o beawt one o'clock, an I'll cawt, see heaw tha goes on." "'Sblid," sed I, "if theaw mun eawt so yarly, I'll fodder an proven the tits for the, an theaw mey sleep, intle ley th' proven ready." Then he shew'd me heaw th' mough wur cut with a hey-knife, hawve wey deawn like a great step, on that I moot come off yeasily o that side: so we bid t'one t'other good neet. I'r boh meet sattlt when eh heard summot ith' leath. Good-lorjus, Meary, meh flesh crept o meh booans, on meh yeears crackt ogen weh hark'ning! Presently I heard somebody caw sawfly, "Tummus! Tummus! Tummus!" I knew th' voice, an sed, "Whooas tat tee Seroh?" "Eigh," sed hoo, "an I stown a lyte weturpodditch, an some thrutchings, and a treacle-butter-keke, if eh con eyght um." "Fear me not," sed I, "for I'm as hongry as a rott'n." "Whau mitch-go-deet o with um," sed hoo; "an yo mey come on begin, for they need'n no keeling." Neaw I'r e sitch o flunter e getting to th' wark, ot I'd freeat'n th' spot ot Yet towd me on; so I feell deawn off th' heest side oth' mough, and

ghosts," said I, " but I'm like to venture." " Thou'st just hit it," said he; " and I can tell thee I could like my place primely but for that: however, as the horses must be out very early, I must provender them about one o'clock, and I'll call and see how thou goes on." " 'Sblood," says I, " if thou must out so early, I'll fodder and provender the tits for thee, and thou may'st sleep, if thou'lt lay the provender ready." Then he showed me how the mow was cut by a hay-knife, half-way down like a great step, and that I might come off easily on that side: so we bid one another " good night." I'd but just settled myself, when I heard something in the barn! Good gracious, Mary, my flesh crept on my bones, my ears cracked again with hearkening! Presently I heard somebody call softly, " Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!" I knew the voice, and said, " Who's that? thee Sarah?" " Ay," said she; " and I've stolen a light water-porridge, and some whey custard, and a treacle butter-cake, if thou can'st eat them." " Fear me not," said I, " for I'm as hungry as a rat." " Why much good may do you with them," said she; " and you may come and begin, for they need no cooling." Now I was in such a fluster to get to the work, that I'd forgotten

sitch a floose o hey follut me, ot it driv meh shiar deawn, an Seroh with meyt inner hont, o top o me, an quite hill'd us booath.

Mea. Cotsflesh, this wur a nice trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

Tum. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' podditch wur naw scawding; for when we'd'n mede shift to heyve an creep fro underth' hey, some oth podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen; thrutchings wur'n shed oth weastbant o meh breeches, an th' treacle butter-keke stickt to Seroh's brat. Heawe'er, weh scrawming abeawt ith dark, we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it snap; for beleemy, Meary, I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging mey wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd strackling, an if I went whom agen I'st be e dawnger o being breant: that me deme wou'd ha me t' run, for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns-een, on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawsil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother sark: hoo did so, an I thankt 'ur, bid farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattlt meh sell ith mough under a floose o hey, an slept so weel

the spot that Ned told me of; so I fell down on the east side of the mow, and such a wisp of hay followed me, that it drove me straight down on Sarah with the meat in her hand, on the top of me, and fairly covered us both.

Mary. 'Sflesh, but this was a nice trick in the bulk of the hay, wasn't it?

Tho. Ay, so it was; but it happened well that the porridge wasn't scalding; for when we'd made shift to heave and creep from under the hay, some of the porridge I found had daubed up to my eyes, the whey was shed over my breeches, and the treacle butter-cake stuck to Sarah's brat. However, with scrambling about in the dark, we got up what we could, and I eat it quickly; for believe me, Mary, I was so sharp set I made no hesitation at a hay-seed. So whilst I was busy stuffing my guts, she told me how she expected her father was turned mad, and if I went home again I should be in danger of being burnt; that my mistress would have me to run, for that I should have served my time out at Shrovetide, and that it mattered not much. I thought this was good counsel, so I got Sarah to fetch me my other shirt: she did so, and I thanked her, bid farewell, and so we parted. I soon settled myself in the

ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot I'd o'er sleept me sell, on cou'd naw provon th' tits e' time.

Mea. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n sleep at aw, for I'st ne'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm shure.

Tum. Whau, but I startit up to go to th' tits, and slurr'd deawn to th' lower part oth mough; and by the maskins-lord, whot dust to think?—boh I leet hump stridd'n up o summot ot feld meety hewry, an it startit up weh me on its back, (*Meary much freeten'd here,*) deawn th' lower part oth' heymugh it jumpt; crost t'leath; eawt oth dur wimmy it took; an into th' watering-poo, as if the deel o hell had driv'n it! there it threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell whether for th' life on meh.

Mea. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! whot ith' name o God winneh sey!

Tum. Sey!—why I sey, true as t' gospil; an I'r so freetn't, I wur war set to get eawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an me fell off th' bridge.

Mea. I never heard sitch teles sin meh neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I!

mow under a shock of hay, and slept so well, that when I awakened I was afraid I had overslept myself, and could not provender the beasts in time.

Mary. It was well for you, you could sleep at all, for I should never have laid my eyes together, I'm sure.

Tho. Well, but I started up to go to the tits, and slided down to the lower part of the mow; and by the mass, what dost thou think?—but I fell astride with my legs on something that felt mighty hairy, and it started up with me on its back, (*Mary much agitated here,*) down the lower part of the hay-mow it jumped; cross the barn; out of the door with me it took; and into the watering pool it took me, as if the devil in h— had driven it! there it threw me in, or I fell off, I cannot tell which for the life of me.

Mary. Oh! oh! oh! oh! what in the name of goodness will you say!

Tho. Say!—why I say, it's true as the Gospel; and I was so frightened that I was worse puzzled to get out (if possible) than I was when Nip and me fell off the bridge.

Mary. I never heard such tales since my name was Mary, nor no one else, think I!

Tum. Teles!—udds bud, tak um awt gether an theyd'n welly mey a mont ston oth' wrang eend.

Mea. Well! but wur it Owd Nick, think'n eh, or it wur naw?

Tum. I hete to tawk on't, wilt howd te tung? but if it wur naw Owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be shure!

Mea. Why, Tummus, pre'o' whot wur it?

Tum. Blees meh, Meary! theawrt so yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know me sell whot it wur of an eawr, if eh know yet!

Mea. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then?

Tum. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geete eawt oth' poo; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh neen: an us I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' leath, I crope under a wough, and stoode like a gawmbling, or a perfect neatril, till welly dey; an just then Ned coom.

Mea. That wur passing weel, considering th' kese or yoar'n in.

Tum. True, lass; for I think I'r never feaner t' see nobody sin I'r kersunt.

Tho. Tales!—odds bobs! take 'em altogether and they would nearly make a man stand on the wrong end.

Mary. Well! but was it Old Nick, think you, or was it not?

Tho. I hate to talk of it; wilt thou hold thy tongue? But if it was not Old Nick, he had the ordering of it to be sure!

Mary. Why, Thomas, prithee what was it?

Tho. Bless me, Mary, thou'rt so anxious that thou'lt not let me tell my tale. Why I did not know myself what it was for an hour, if I know yet!

Mary. Well, but how went you on then?

Tho. Well, with much struggling I got out of the pool; and by my troth, believe me as you like, I could not tell whether I was in a dream or awake, till I felt at my eyes: and as I was resolved to go no more into the barn, I crept under the wall and stood like a trembling fool, or a perfect natural, till near day; and just then Ned came.

Mary. That was passing well, considering the case that you were in.

Tho. True, lass; for I think I had never more pleasure in seeing anybody since I was christened.

Mea. Whot sed Yed?

Tum. Why, he heeve up his honds, an he blest, an he prey'd, an mede sitch marlocks, that if I'd naw bin eh that wofo pickle, I'st a bross'n weh leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet? and why e stoode teer? an sitch like. I towd him I cou'd gi no okeawnt o meh sell; boh that I'r carrit eawt oth' leath be Owd Nick, as I thowt!

Mea. I'd awlus a notion whot it wou'd prove ith' heel of aw!

Tum. Pre'the howd te hung a bit,—theaw puts me eawt. I towd im I thowt it wur Owd Nick; for it wur vast strung, very hewry, and meety swift!

Mea. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore where ye ar, Tummus!

Tum. Eigh, Meary, so't is; for it's moor in I expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur so flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd im, ot he geete meh by th' hont an sed, "Come, Tummus! let's flit fro this pleck; for my part I'll naw stey one minnit lenger." Sed I, "Iftle fotch me sark eawt oth' leath, I'll geaw with the." "Ney!" sed he, "that I'll *never* do, while my nemes Yed!" "Whau," sed I, "then I'm like to goa beawt it!" "Dun-

Mary. What said Ned?

Tho. Why, he hove up his hands, and he blest himself, and he prayed, and he made such antics, that if I had not been in that woful pickle, I should have burst with laughing. Then he asked how I came to be so wet? and why I stood there? and such like. I told him I could give no account of myself; but that I was carried out of the barn by Old Nick, as I thought!

Mary. I had always a notion it would prove so, in the end of all!

Tho. Prithee hold thy tongue a bit,—thou puts me out. I told him I thought it was Old Nick; for it was vastly strong, very hairy, and mighty swift!

Mary. What a great mercy it is you are where you are, Thomas!

Tho. Ay, Mary, so it is; for its more than I expected. But thou'lt hear. Ned was so cut up with that bit that I told him, that he got me by the hand, and said, "Come, Thomas! let's fly from this place; for my part I'll not stay one minute longer." Said I, "If you'll fetch my shirt out of the barn, I'll go with thee." "Nay!" said he, "that I'll *never* do, while my name's Ned!" "Well," said I, "then I'm like to go without it!"

naw trouble the nob abeawt tat; I two o whoam, an I'll gi' the th' tone; come, let's get off," sed he. So were'n marching awey; but, before wed'n gon five rood, I seed summut an seete up a greyt reeok, (for I thowt I'd seen Nick agen, Lord bless us!) Seys Yed, "Whot ar to breed we neaw, Tummus?" I pointit th' finger, an sed, "Is naw tat te dule?" "Which?" sed he. "That, under th' hedge," sed I. "Now, now, naw hit; that's eawer yung cowt ot lies reawt," sed Yed. "The dickons it is!" sed I; "boh I think e meh guts ot that carrit me eawt oth leath!" Then Yed axt meh if th' dur wur opp'n; I towd im I thought it wur. "But I'm shure I toynt it," sed Yed. "That moot be," sed I; "for after theaw laft me, eawr Seroh browt me meh supper an hoo moot leeave it opp'n." "By th' miss!" sed Yed, "if so, Tum, this very cowt'ill prove th' boggart! Let's into the leath an see, for it's naw so dark as't wur." "With aw meh heart," sed I; "boh let's stick toth' tone tother's hond then." A thiss'n we went into th' leath; and by meh truth, Meary, I know naw whot think; there wur a yep-sintle a cowt tooarts upoth' lower part oth' hey-mough, an th' pleck where it had lyen, as plene as a pike-staff. But still, ift' wur hit ot carrit meh,

George Cruikshank fec.t

"Do not trouble thy head about that; I've two at home, and I'll give thee one; come, let us be off," said he. So we were marching away, but, before we had got five roods, I saw something, and set up a great shriek, (for I thought I had seen Old Nick again, Lord bless us!) Says Ned, "What art thou in egg with now, Thomas?" I pointed my finger, and said, "Is not that the devil?" "Which?" said he. "That, under the hedge," said I. "No, no, not it; that's our young colt, that lays out," said Ned. "The deuce it is!" said I; "but I think in my guts, it was that which carried me out of the barn." Then Ned asked me if the door was open; I told him I thought it was. "But I'm sure I closed it," said Ned. "That might be," said I; "for after thou left me, our Sarah brought me my supper, and she might leave it open." "By the mass!" said Ned, "if so, Tom, this very colt will prove to be the ghost! Let's into the barn and see, for it's not so dark as it was." "With all my heart," said I. On this we went into the barn; and by my troth, Mary, I know not what to think; there was two handfulls of colt's dung upon the lower part of the hay-mow, and the place where it had laid as plain as a pike-staff. But still, if it was it that carried me, I marvel how I could

I marvil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur eh sitch a hurry to get awey!

Mea. Whot te firrups! it signifies nowt, for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I find that eawr Owd Nick wur th' cowt at lies reawt.

Tum. Whau, I connaw sey a deeol abeawt it, it looks likely, as teaw seys: but if this wur not a boggart, I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

Mea. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,—but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer sark?

Tum. Eigh, eigh; I height eh meh pocket, se the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took me leave o Yed, on neaw theaw sees I'm running meh country.

Mea. On whot dunneh think t' doo?

Tum. I think t' be an ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle tits, os weel os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawstring.

Mea. Ney, I con believe o'——E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' stey onney lunger. God be with o; for I mun owey.

Tum. Howd:—Ney, Meary, le meh ha one smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none sich o feaw whean nother.

Mea. Ney,—neaw,—so, Tummus,—go teaw on slaver Seroh o'Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

stick on so long, it was in such a hurry to get away!

Mary. What the deuce! it signifies nought, for whether you stuck on, or fell off, I find that *our* Old Nick was the colt that lies out.

Tho. Why I cannot say a deal about it; it does look likely, as thou says: but if this was not a sprite, I think there never was none, if they had been rightly sifted into.

Mary. Marry, I'm much of your mind, but hark ye, did you not light of your shirt?

Tho. Ay, Ay; I have it in my pocket, look thee, for it's but just now I took my leave of Ned, and now thou sees I'm running my country.

Mary. And what do you think to do?

Tho. I think to be an ostler, for I can mixen, comb and dress horses, as well as any of them all, although thou may think it's boasting.

Mary. Nay, I can believe you—Eh law, what a talk we have had, I have not time to stay any longer. God be with you; for I must away.

Tho. Hold! Pray, Mary, let me have one kiss at parting, for thou'rt not such an ugly one neither.

Mary. Nay,—now,—so Thomas, go away and slobber Sarah at Ratchot's, if you are so fond.

Tum. Why neaw, heaw spytfoo theaw art? Whot in o body doo like Seroh? there's no body boh the lik'n somebody.

Mea. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sometimes somebody likes somebody elze!

Tum. I geawse whot te meons: for theawrt glenting ot tat flopper meawth't gob-slotch Bill o' Owd Katty's: becose ot fok sen Seroh hankers after im. I marvil whot te dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at hur!

Mea. Like enough; for its o feaw life t' luff thoose ot luff'n other fok: boh yoar o ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's none sitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r!

Tum. Why, whot done they say?

Mea. I mennaw tell: beside yoan happly tey't non so weel in o body shou'd.

Tum. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee, chez whot tey seys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

Mea. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o mawkinly dagg'd a—st, wisktel't whean; on—on—

Tum. On whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

Mea. Why to be plene with o; tey sen ot hur moother took Bill o Owd Katty's on hur eh bed t'gether, last Sunday morning.

Tho. Why now how spiteful thou art? What can a body do, if he likes Sarah? there's nobody but likes somebody.

Mary. Ay, true Thomas; but then sometimes somebody likes somebody else!

Tho. I guess what thou means; for thou'rt looking after that blubber-lip'd blockhead Bill at old Katty's: because that folks say Sarah hankers after him. I marvel what the devil she can see in him: I'm mad at her.

Mary. Like enough; for it's a weary life to love those that love other people: but you are a silly fellow to heed her; for there's none such decent talk about her!

Tho. Why, what do they say?

Mary. I mustn't tell: perhaps you might happen to take it none so well if a body should.

Tho. Why, I cannot be angry at thee, chuse what thou says, as long as thou but speaks after other folk.

Mary. Why then, they say, she's a dirty draggle-tailed quean; and—and—

Tho. And what, Mary? Speak out.

Mary. Why, to be plain with you; they say her mother took this Bill in bed with her last Sunday morning.

Tum. E—the dev—(good Lord bless us) is tat true?

Mea. True! heaw should it be otherways, for hur moother wur crying on soughing to me deme last Munday yeandurth obeawt it.

Tum. 'Sflesh, Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn into th' yeoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty eawls!

Mea. Why luck it neaw; I'm een sooary for't: God help it, will it topple o'er? munneh howd it heeod while it heart brasts o bit?

Tum. E, Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches me plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o hobbil on meh.

Mea. Neaw eh meh good troth, I con heardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en luff's clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

Tum. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

Mea. Why I towd o parcil o thumping lies o purpose to pump o.

Tum. The dickons tey the, Meary—whot on awkert whean ar teaw! whot teh plague did t' flay meh o thiss'n far! theawrt o wheant lass—I'd leefer o gon the arnt forty mile.

Mea. Eigh, o hundurt, rether than o had it o bin true: but I thowt I'd try o.

Tho. The dev—, (good Lord bless us!) is that true?

Mary. True! how should it be otherwise, for her mother was crying and sobbing to my mistress last Monday afternoon about it.

Tho. 'Sflesh, Mary! I'm ready to sink down into the earth: I'd rather have taken forty owls!

Mary. Why look ye now; I'm even sorry for it: God help it, will it tumble o'er? must I hold its head whilst its heart breaks a bit?

Tho. Ah, Mary; thou little knows how it hurts my feelings! for if thou did, thou'd not make a fool of me.

Mary. Now in my good truth, I can hardly keep from laughing, to see how fast thou art in love's clutches! but I thought I'd try you.

Tho. Mary, what dost thou mean?

Mary. Why, I told a parcel of thumping lies on purpose to pump you.

Tho. The deuce take thee, Mary—what an awkward wench art thou! what the plague didst thou flee me alive this way for! thou art a comical lass—I'd rather have gone the errant forty miles.

Mary. Ay, a hundred, rather than had it been true; but I thought I'd try thee.

Tum. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

Mea. It's o greyt marcy yo connow doot neaw for cruttling deawn.—Boh I mun owey: for if meh deme be cumn whoam there'll be ricking.—Well, think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty eawls! *(laughing.)*

Tum. I's think on ot teaw looks o bit whisky, chez whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

Mea. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint lying, on ot proof oth' pudding's ith' eyghting.—So fere weel, Tummus.

Tum. Meary, fere the well heartily; on gi' meh luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

Mea. Winneh forgi' meh then?

Tum. By th' Miss well eh, Meary, froth' bothum o me crop.

Tho. Well; and if I do not try thee sooner or later it will be a marvel!

Mary. It's a great mercy you can't do it now without stooping down.—But I must away: for if my dame be come home there'll be scolding.—Well, think on that, thou'd rather have taken forty owls! *(laughing.)*

Tho. I think that thou looks a bit waggish, chuse whatever Sarah at Ratchot's is.

Mary. I heard 'em say that guessings a kin to lying, and that proof of the pudding is in the eating.—So farewell Thomas.

Tho. Mary, fare thee well heartily; and give my love to Sarah, let it happen how it will.

Mary. Will you forgive me then?

Tho. By the Mass, will I, Mary, from the bottom of my heart!

OBSERVATIONS,

WHICH MAY BE USEFUL TO THOSE WHO ARE STRANGERS TO THE LANCASHIRE PRONUNCIATION.

In some places in Lancashire we sound *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example, we say *far*, instead of *for; shart*, instead of *short;* and again, we say *hort*, instead of *heart;* and *port*, instead of *part; hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *all* are generally sounded broad; as, *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *haw* (or *ho*) for *hall; Awmeety*, for *Almighty; awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we sound *k*, instead of *g;* as, *think*, instead of *thing; wooink*, for *wooing*, &c.

The letter *d* at the end of words, and the termination *ed*, are often changed into *t;* as, *behint*, for *behind; wynt*, for *wind; awkert*, for *awkward; awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some parts it is common to sound *ou* and *ow* as *a;* as, *tha*, for *thou; ka* (or *ca*) for *cow*. In

other places we sound the *ou* and *ow* as *eu;* as, *theaw,* for *thou; keaw,* for *cow; heawse,* for *house; meawse,* for *mouse.*

The Saxon termination *en* is generally retained, but mute; as, *hat'n, lov'n, desir'n, think'n, bought'n,* &c.

In general we speak quick and short; and cut off a great many letters, and even words, by apostrophes; and sometimes sound two, three, or more words as one. For instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut',*) for *I'll go to; runt',* for *run to; hoost,* for *she shall; intle* (or *int'll*) for *if thou will; I wou'didd'n,* for *I wish you would,* &c.

But as trade in a general way has now flourished for near a century, the inhabitants not only travel, but encourage all sorts of useful learning; so that among hills, and places formerly unfrequented by strangers, the people begin, within the few years of the author's observations, to speak much better English, if it can properly be called so.

1755. JOHN COLLIER.

GLOSSARY

OF THE

OBSOLETE WORDS

IN THE

LANCASHIRE DIALECT,

ILLUSTRATED BY QUOTATIONS

FROM THE EARLIEST ENGLISH WRITERS.

AGATE, agoing, from gait.

I pray you, memory, set him *agate* again.—*Shakespeare.*

Agog, anxiously, begun.

On which the saints are all *agog*,
And all this for a bear and dog.—*Hudibras.*

An, if, and.

He will, *an* he live to be a man.—*Shakespeare.*

Anent, or *aneenst*, opposite.

An right *anenst* him a dog snarling-er.—*B. Jonson.*

Anon, coming.

Th' *anon*, Sir, doth obey the call.—*Shakespeare.*

Another-gates, another sort.

And his bringing up *another-gates* marriage than such a minion.—*Lilly's Mother Bombie.*

Ark, a chest or coffer.

Then first of all came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relic in an *ark*
Of gold, that bad eyes might not it profane.

Spenser's Faëry Queene.

Arrant, bad in a high degree.

Country folks, who hallooed and hooted after me, as at the *arrantest* coward that ever shewed his shoulder to the enemy.—*Sidney*.

Astound, to astonish, confound with fear and wonder.

These thoughts may startle well, but not *astound*
The virtuous mind.—*Milton*.

Awf, or *oaf*, a foolish child, or fairy changling.

—— Says that the fairy left this *awf*
And took away the other.—*Drayton*.

Balderdash, to mix or adulterate any liquor.

When monarchy began to bleed,
And treason had a fine new name;
When Thames was *balderdash'd* with Tweed,
And pulpits did like beacons flame.

The Geneva Ballad, 1674.

Ban, a curse or interdiction.

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's *ban* thrice blasted, thrice infected.—*Hamlet*.

Bang, a blow, a thump.

With many a stiff thwack, many a *bang*,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang.—*Hudibras*.

Barn, that is things born, a child.

On St. John's evyn the Baptist,
The best *barn* was under Christ.

Gwaine and Gawin, Ritson's Met. Romances.

Bate, to lessen or lower any thing, except.

Nor envious at the sight will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor *bate* my plenteous cheer.—*Donne*.
Bate me some, and I will pay you some.—*Shakespeare*.

Batter, a mixture of which pancakes, &c. are made.

Turkey poults fresh from the egg in *batter* fried.

Beck'n, to call with the fingers.

Alexander *beckoned* with the hand, &c.—*Acts*.

Beest, undigested milk, first given by the cow after calving.

And twice besides her *beestings* never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.—*Dryden.*

Belling or *belloving*, loud noise, roaring.

The beasts that haunt those springs
From whom I hear those dreadful *bell'ings*
Brown's Pastorals.

Bench, or stool, or seat.

The seats and *benches* shone of Ivory.—*Spenser.*

Blain, a little boil or pustule,

Botches and *blains* must all his flesh imboss
And all his people.—*Milton.*

Blend, or *blent*, to mingle together.

'Tis beauty truly *blent*, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand has laid on.—*Shak.*

Blinkart, blind of one eye, or bad eyes.

Brainless *blinkarts* that blow at the Cole.—*Shelton's Poems.*

Blur, a blot, to stain, to sully.

Sarcasms may eclipse thine own
But cannot *blur* my lost renown.—*Hudibras*, i. 3.

Bode, did abide, also to foretel.

This *bodes* some strange eruption to our state.—*Shakespeare.*

Boggle, to be afraid, Boggart an appartion

You *boggle* shrewdly, every feather starts you.—*Ibid.*

Brabble, *brablement*, a squabble or falling out.

This is not a place
To *brabble* in; Calianax join hands.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Braggot, or *braket*, new ale spiced with sugar.

Her mouth was sweet as *braket*, or the nieth or hord of apples, laid in hay or heth.—*Chaucer.*

Brast, burst, broken.

But dreadful furies which their chains have *brast*.—*Spenser.*

Brat, a child, also a coarse apron.

The *brat* is none of mine!—*Shakespeare.*

Brindlt or *brindled*, a mixture of colours in animals.

Thrice the *brindled* cat hath mewed.—*Shakespeare.*

Britchel or *brittle*, apt to break.

A wit quick without brightness, sharp without *brittleness.*—*R. Ascham's S. Mr.*

Bruit, to report, a rumour.

A thousand things besides, she *bruits* and tells.

Mirrour for Magistrates.

Burly, thick, heavy, clumsy.

'Twixt their *burly* sacks and full stocked barns they stand.

Drayton's Pol.

Canker, *cankered*, corrosion, virulence, ill-natured.

As with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind with *cankers.*—*Shakespeare.*

Cark, to be careful and diligent.

Hark, my husband! he's singing and hooting
And I'm fain to *cark* and care, and all little enough.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Carl or *clown.*

The *carle* beheld and saw his guest.—*Spenser.*

Carlings, pease boiled on Coare Sunday, *i. e.* the Sunday before Palm Sunday.

There be all the lads and all the lasses,
Set down in the midst of the Ha',
With sybows, *(onions,)* and rifarts, *(radishes,)* and *carlings,*
That are both sodden *(boiled)* and raw.—*Old Scottish Song.*

Carron or *currion*, a term of reproach.

Shall we send that foolish *carrion*, Mrs. Quickly, to him?

Shakespeare.

Catterwauling, *catterwaw*, by Chaucer, rambling in the night after the manner of cats.

What a *catterwauling* do you keep here?—*Shakespeare.*

Char, a small job of work, also to stop.

His hand to woll, and arras worke, and women's chares he laid.—*Warner's Alb. Eng.*

Chargers, platters, dishes.

Give me here John Baptist's head in a *charger*.—*St. Matthew.*

Chary, careful, nicely cautious.

Nor am I *chary* of my beauty's hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ache sore.
George a Greene, O. P.

Chieve, to prosper, to succeed.

You have used a doctor fame-worn, and therefore look for ill *chieving*.—*Ulysses upon Ajax.*

Churn-getting, or *Churn-supper.*

Because at harvest home, from immemorial time, it was customary to produce in a *churn* at *supper*, a great quantity of cream, and to circulate it in cups to each of the rustic company, to be eaten with bread.—*Brand's Pop. Ant.* vol. i. p. 449.

Clammer, to climb, also a noise.

Methinkes they might beware by other's harmes,
And eke eschue to *clammer* up so hye.—*Mirr. for Magis.*

Clammy, glutinous, adhesive, ropy.

Cold sweats in *clammy* drops his limbs o'erspread.—*Dryden.*

Clemmed, famished, starved.

Hard is the choice, when the valiant must eat their arms, or *clem*.—*Ben Jonson.*

Clough, a wood or valley between two hills.

The other Clym of the *Clough*
An archer good enough.—*Ballad of Adam Bell.*

Clutter, all on heaps.

He saw what a *clutter* there was with huge overgrown pots, pans, and spits.—*L'Estrange.*

Cockers and Trashes, old stockings without feet, worn as spatterdashes over the shoes; some years back known as Welsh boots.

Nowe doth he inly scorne his Kendall greene,
And his patch'd *cockers* now despised beene.
Bp. Hall's Satires.

Cocket, brisk, pert, or saucy.

To wax *cocket*.—*Sherwood.*

Coil, a great stir; also, a lump on the head by a blow.

You will not believe what a *coil* I had the other day to compound a business between a Kattern pear-woman and him, about snatching.—*Ben Jonson.*

Crackling, or *cracknels*, a thin wheaten cake.

Take with thee ten loaves and *cracknels.*—1 *Kings*, xiv. 3.

Cratch, a rack for hay in a stable.

She leyde him in a *cratch.*—*Wicliffe; Luke*, ii.

Crevis, or *crevice*, a hole or crack.

I pried me through the *crevice* of a wall.—*Titus And.*

Crib, a place to hold calves or oxen.

Where no oxen are the *crib* is clean.—*Proverbs*, xiv. 4.

Cricks and kowds, pains and strains.

'Tis nothing, she'll tell you, but a *crick* she has got in her back.—*Quevedo's Visions.*

Cricket, a small stool; also, a house insect.

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the *cricket* on the hearth.—*Milton, Il Pen.*

Crinkle, to rumple a thing; also, to bend under a weight.

Comely *crinkled*,
Wondrously wrinkled.—*Skelton.*

Crony, an old acquaintance or companion.

So when the Scots, your constant *cronies*,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies.—*Hudibras.*

Dab, being active at any thing.

The third is a *dab* at an index!—*Goldsmith.*

Daggled-tale, bemired; a dirty slut.

To see the dung'd folds of *dag-tail'd* sheep.—*Hall's Satire.*

Dickons, an interjection, much the same with "the devil!"

I cannot tell what the *dickons* his name is!—*Shakespeare.*

Din, a constant, tiresome noise.

While the cock with lively *din*.—*Milton*.

Ding, to bluster, to bounce, to huff.

He huffs and *dings*.—*Arbuthnot*.

Doff, to put off dress, or hat.

Doff those tinks.
Nature, in awe to him,
Had *doff'd* her gaudy trim.—*Milton*.

Draff, grains or sediments of ale.

No, give them *grains* their fill,
Husks, *draff*, to drink and swill.—*Ben Jonson*.

Elder, one of Cromwell's Justices of the Peace.* A cow's udder.

Flea-bitten Synod, an assembly brew'd
Of clerks and *elder's* ana; like the rude
Chaos of Presbytery, where laymen ride
With the tame woolpack clergy by their side.—*Cleveland*.

Fag-end, the tail end; a remnant.

At the world's *fag-end*
A land—doth lie.—*Fanshaw*.

Famish, to starve by famine.

What, did he marry me to *famish* me?—*Shakespeare*.

Farrenkly, fair and clean; handsome.

A *farrenkly* looking body.—*Anon*.

Farrow, to bring forth pigs.

The thirty pigs at one large litter *farrow'd*.—*Dryden*.

Fettle, to put in order or condition.

Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and *fettleth* to the war.
Bishop Hall's Satire.

* Collier.

Fey, to remove the earth.

By *feying* and casting that mud upon heaps,
Commodities many the husbandman reaps.—*Tusser.*

Flet, skimmed milk.

The drink *flet* milk, which they just warm.—*Mortimer.*

Flick, a flitch of bacon.

Another brought a splycke
Of a bacon *flicke*.—*Tusser.*

Flit, to remove from a house, &c.

—— at last it *flitted* is,
Whither the souls of men do fly that live amiss.—*Spenser.*

Fob, a pocket.

Who pick'd a *fob* at holding-forth.—*Hudibras.*

Fog, young, strong, or latter-grass, after mowing.

The thick and well-grown *fog* doth mat my smoother slades.
Drayton's Pol. xiii. 294.

Foist, stinking, fusty, or mouldy.

The old moth-eaten, leaden legend, and the *foisty* and finowed festival.—*Favour, Antiq. &c.* 1619, p. 334.

Foo-goad, a plaything, or a trifling person.

Didst thou ever see such a *foo-goad* felly?—*L. D.*

Foomart, polecat or fitchat.

Foxes and *foumarts*, with all other vermine.
Ascham, Toxoph.

Foir-new, fine; very new, or span new.

A man of *fire-new* words, Fashion's own knight.
Shakespeare.

Frap, to crack, or fall into a passion.

Whose heart was *frapp'd* with such surprising woe.
Palace of Pleasure, vol. ii.

Frim, rich, thriving.

Through the *frim* pastures, freely at his leisures.—*Drayton.*

Frump, a mock or jeer.

Pray leave these *frumps*, sir, and receive this letter.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Fussock, a term of reproach for fat idle women.

A *fussock* of a woman, sir, she was.—*Anon.*

Gad, to run about, as cows in hot weather.

Give the water no passage, neither a wicked woman liberty to *gad* abroad.—*Eccles.* xxv. 25.

Gam, *gammon*, fine sport, diversion; also game.

The same definition in *Ritson's Glossary to Metrical Romances.*

Gan, began to; *gane*, go or gone.

Dore ne window was thar nane,
Whar he myght oway *gane*.—*Ritson's Met. Rom.* i. 34.

Gar, to make, or fence.

Tell me, good Hobind, what *gars* thee greet (*weep*)?
What! has some wolf thy tender lambs y torn?
Or is thy bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loved lass forlorn?—*Spenser's Shep. Cal.*

Garth, a hoop for tubs, a girdle, an enclosure, &c.

Vide *Johnson's Dictionary*, by *Todd.*

Gash, a large cut or wound.

—— and from the *gash*
A stream of nectareous humour issuing flow'd.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

Gate-away, gone forward, or on his way.

He runne fast on his *gate*,
Tyl he cam to the castel yate.

Gaunt, lean, empty, meagre, &c.

Gawby, or *gawky*, stupid, awkward, ungainly, &c.

Refer to *Brande's Popular Antiquities*, where he denominates *gawby*, or *cuckoo*, as a name of contempt; as, "*April gawks.*"

Ganvm, understand or comprehend; also, unhandsomely looking.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Gawpe, *galp*, or *gape*, to stare with open mouth.

The king *gaped* and gazed upon her with open mouth.
1 *Esdras*, iv. 31.

Gawster, an expressive word for to boast; *gawstring*, hectoring, bragging.

Gibberidge, or *gibberish*, stammering, or imperfect speech; fustian language.—Vide *Todd's Johnson.*

What, methynke ye be clerkyshe,
For ye speak good *gibberish*.—*Interlude of Youth*, 1557.

Giggle, to laugh wantonly.

The *giggler* is a milk-maid.—*Herbert.*

Glead, a kind of hawk or kite.

Ye shall not eat the *glead*, the kite, or the vulture.—*Deut.*

Glimmer, to shine a little.

The west yet *glimmers* with some streaks of day.—*Milton.*

Glister, to shine or sparkle.

The helmets *glister* brightest in the fairest sunshine.
Spenser.

Glopp'nt, frightened, astonished.

Gob, a large piece of meat, a mouthful.

Such a *gob* of money.—*L'Estrange.*

Gobbet, as much as can be swallowed at once.

Full of great lumps of flesh and *gobbets* raw.—*Spenser.*

Gog, *agog*, haste, desire to go.

You have put me in such a *gog* of going, I would not stay for all the world.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Gorse, furze, a prickly shrub.

And for fair corn-ground are our fields surcloy'd with worthless *gorse*.—*Kyd, an.* 1594.

Greadly, *graythly*, well, right handsomely.

Ritson's Met. Rom.

Grip, or *grippen*, clenched hand or fist; strength.

Submit to those who are of *grip* or might.—*Drayton.*

Grits, sand; or *groats*, oats husked, sauce to goose.

Plague him! give him goose without *groats!*—*Anon.*

Grope, to feel awkwardly, in the dark.

We *grope* for the wall like the blind, and we *grope* as if we had no eyes.—*Isaiah*, lix. 10.

Groin, a swine's snout.

Solomon likeneth a fair woman, that is a fool of hire body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the *groine* of a sowe.

Chaucer.

Gry, an easy ague-fit, or a small measure.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Gurd (burst) of laughter.—*Ibid.*

Gutt', an abbreviation for "Go to!" frequently found in *Shakespeare*, *&c.*

Guzzett, a four-square piece of cloth, whereby the armpit of a shirt is widened.—*Cotgrave's Dictionary.*

Hackt, or *hack'd*, to cut bunglingly.

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be *hack'd*.—*Shakespeare.*

Had-loon't-rean, the gutter or space between the headlands and others.

Haft, or *heft*, the handle of a knife; *heft*, is also life.

But yet ne fond I nought the *haft*,
Which might unto the blade accord.—*Gower.*

Hag, or *haggus*, the belly.

A word of Scottish immortality, by a well-known delicate dish—*haggis*.

Haigs, or *hawes*, the whitethorn berry, or hawthorn.

Store of *haws* and hips portend cold winter.—*Bacon*.

Hal o' Nabs, Henry of Abrahams.

Son of, as *Ap*, *De*, or *Fitz*.

Halliblash, (blaze,) a great light.

As *Hallimas* means All-souls, and *Hallidom*, Holy-dame, so may this mean, *Holy-light*.

Halloo, to shout.

If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.—*Shakespeare*.

Hammil, a hamlet, or village.

Hanker, to long for, to covet.

And felt such bowel *hankerings*,
To see an empire all of Kings!—*Hudibras*.

Hap, to cover; also, to pat or encourage a dog.

He should not be the better *hapt*, or covered from cold.
More's Utopia, 1551.

Haply, perhaps, it may be.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep.—*Shakespeare*.

Harbour, to entertain, to shelter.

My lady bids me tell you, that though she *harbours* you as her uncle, she's nothing allied to your disorders.
Shakespeare.

Harr, to snarl like an angry dog; a storm proceeding from the sea.—*Todd's Johnson*.

Harry, to hurry, to tease, to vex.

I repent me much
That I so *harry'd* him.—*Shakespeare*.

Haver, oats; as, *haver-bread*, for, oaten-bread.

When you would anneal, take a blue stone, such as they make *haver*, or oat-cakes, upon, and lay it upon the cross bars of iron.—*Peachum.*

Haust, a cough or cold.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Hawmes, the collar by which a horse draws.

Hey-go-mad, like mad; to do anything to excess.

Todd's Johnson.

Hilling, a bed hilling, a coverlet.

Cease then, all you that aim at the *hilling*-up of fatal gold.

Hewyt.

Hobbling, limping, awkward gait; also, stammering.

The friar was *hobbling* the same way too.—*Dryden.*

Hob-nob, rashly; a term in drinking, proceeding from beer, in old times, being on the *hob*, or stones at either end of the fire, to warm; and cold beer on a round table, or what is called a *nob;* by which is meant, "Will you have *cold* or *warm* drink?"

Hobgoblin, an apparition, fairy, or spirit.

Crier *hobgoblin*, make the fairy O yes!—*Shakespeare.*

Hose, stockings.

He being in love, could not see to garter his *hose.*

Shakespeare.

Hough, a foot, or more properly, the leg or hock.

Thou shalt *hough* their horses.—*Joshua*, xi. 6.

Huckster, a seller of herbs, roots, or small ware.

A merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and an *huckster* shall not be freed from sin.—*Ecclus.* xxvi. 29.

Hugger-mugger, peevish, uncomfortable, cross-grained.

The patrimony which a few
Now hold in *hugger-mugger* in their hand,
And all the rest do rot of goods and land.—*Spenser.*

Hummobee, the large round, or stingless, bee.

The honey-bags steal from the *humble-bees.*—*Shakespeare.*

Hurley-burley, tumult, commotion, bustle.

When the *hurley-burley's* done,
When the battle's lost and won.—*Shakespeare.*

Inkling, a hint; a tendency or liking to any thing.

He had lytle *inklinge* that it was a speciall friend of his who kyll'd the deer.—*Archb. Cranmer's Answer to Gardner.*

Jackanapes, a term of derision, from Jack and ape.

He played *Jackeanapes*, swearynge, by his ten bones (his fingers or toes).—*Bale.*

Jingum-bobs, playthings, nick-nacks.

He rifled all his pokes and fobs,
Of gimcracks, whims, and *jingum-bobs*.—*Hudibras.*

Kackle, or *cackle*, the noise of a hen after laying. *Johnson.*

Kee, or *kye*, cows, or kine.

A lass, that Cicely hight, had won his heart,
Cicely, the western lass, that tends the *kee*.—*Spenser.*

Keen, *keen-bitten*, sharp or well-edged.

Here is my *keen-edged* sword.—*Shakespeare.*

Kemb, a comb; perhaps more proper.—*Johnson.*

Yet are there men more loose than they,
More *kemb'd* and bath'd, and rubb'd and trimm'd,
More sleek.—*Ben Jonson.*

Kest, cast; still used in Scotland.

The rosie mark, which she remembred well,
That little infant had, which forth she *kest*.—*Spenser.*

Kibe, a chap in the heel, caused by cold.

If 'twere a *kibe*, 'twould put me to my slipper.—*Shakespeare.*

Kin, kind, sort; relations.

Some *kin* affray,
Envie or pride, passion or offence.—*Chaucer.*

Kindly, a kindly cow, or kindly tree.

The *kindly* fruits of the earth.—*Litany.*

Kink-haust, or *chink-cough*, a violent cold.

Todd's Johnson.

Lamm, to beat.

Lamm'd you shall be ere we leave you,—you shall be beaten sober.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Lant, urine.

Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't.

Glassthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639.

Lap, to wrap over.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs.—*Milton.*

Largess, much; a present, a bounty.

And liberal *largess* are grown somewhat light.—*Shakespeare.*

Latch'd, infecting, catching.

From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies *latch'd*.—*Spenser.*

Leawp-holes, or *loop-hole*, to give air in barns, or a light in passages.

From her cabin'd *loop-hole* peep.—*Milton.*

Leeof, (*leef*,) I'd as leef, I would as soon.

All were the *lief* or loth.—*Spenser.*

Lick, a blow; rough usage.

And gave me a *lick* across the face.—*Dryden.*

Ling, a kind of long heath.

Heath, and *ling*, and sedges.—*Bacon's Nat. Hist.*

Loathe, unwilling.

Egyptians shall *loathe* to drink the waters.—*Exodus.*

Loft, a chamber, or upper room.

Eutychus fell down from the third *loft*.—*Acts.*

Lopper'd milk, curdled milk.—*Ainsworth.*

Lug, to pull by the hair.

With hair in character and *lugs* in text.—*Cleveland.*

Lurdin, or *Lord Dane*, an idle lubberly fellow.

Lourdains or clowns attired in their ordinary working-day clothes.—*Florio.*

Mar, to spoil a child, &c, or injure.

Take care to *mar* not, when thou think'st to mend.—*Fairfax.*

Masht, broke to pieces.

They would even *mash* themselves, and all things else, to pieces.—*More.*

Maskin, a sort of petty oath.

By the *maskin*, methought they were so indeed.—*Chapman.*

Maukin, a bundle of rags to sweep an oven, a dirty woman.

A crooked carcass, a *maukin*, a witch, &c.—*Burton.*

Maunder, to grumble, or walking stupidly.

Maundering as if I had done him a discourtesy.—*Wiseman.*

Maw, a stomach, or inclination.

I have no *maw* to marriage.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Mes'n, or *mixen*, heap of dung or cleaning of a stable.

The sunne that shineth on the *mixene*.—*Chaucer.*

Midding, or *midden*, heap of muck.

A very *miaaen*, or mucke heape, of all the grossest errors and heresies of the Romish Church.—*Favour*, 1619.

Moider, to confound, to distract.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Mowdywarp, or *moldwarp*, a mole.

And like a *moldwarp*, make him lose his eyes.

Harrington's Ar.

Mullock, dirt, rubbish.

The *mullock* on an hepe ysweped was.—*Chaucer.*

Murth, of corn, plenty of grain.—*Ainsworth.*

Nesh, tender, a weak subject; used by Chaucer.

Of cheese—he says, it is too hard—he says, it is too *nesh*.

Choise of Change, 1585.

Nice, neat, comical, fastidious, &c.
Think not I shall be *nice*.—*Milton*.

Nifle, a nice bit, also trifling.
He served them with *nifles* and with fables.—*Chaucer*.

Over-bodit, a new upper part to the skirts of an old garment.—*Coles*.

Pee, is to squint queerly.
He *pees*, he looks with one eye.—*Ray*.

Pumping, asking of questions.
The ones the learned knight seek out,
And *pump* them what they come about.—*Hudibras*.

Punch'd, kicked, beat, &c.
By thee was punch'd full of deadly holes.—*Shakespeare*.

Quandary, at a loss, in a brown study.
I leave you to judge in what a *quandary* Pericles was brought.—*Greene*, 1583.

Quean, a strumpet, a female reproach.
This well they understand like cunning *queans*.—*Dryden*.

Rabblement, the crowd, or mob.
Such wondrous *rabblement* of rhymsters new.
Bp. Hall's Satires.

Rack, a neck of mutton, also a frame to hold fodder (hay) for cattle.
A chicken, a rabbit, rib of a *rack of mutton*, &c.—*Burton*.

Raddle or *Radling-sticks*, a *raddle*-hedge is a hedge of pleached or twisted *sticks* and boughs.—*H. Tooke*.

Rank, wrong, gross, coarse.
Deserves a name as *rank* as any flax wench.—*Shakespeare*.

Rap and rend, do all they possibly can.

All they could *rap and rend* and pilfer.—*Hudibras.*

Reast, or *Reasty*, the outside of bacon.

Much bacon is *reasty*.—*Tusser.*

Reek, or *Reech*, smoke, steam, &c.

'Tis as hateful to me as the *reek* of a lime-kiln.—*Shakespeare.*

Rick, a stack of corn.

In the north they make small *ricks* of them in the field.

Mortimer's Husb.

Riddle, a coarse sieve.

Horse beans and tares, sown together, are easily parted with a *riddle*.—*Ibid.*

Ripe, common, prevailing, abounding.

The plague was then *ripe* in Hungary.—*Herbert.*

Riff-raff, lumber, low people, the refuse.

Thwick-thwack and *riff-raff* roars he out aloud.

Bp. Hall's Satires.

Rift, to belch or break wind.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Rive, to split, to divide.

His heart asunder *riveth*.—*Chaucer.*

Roost, a rest for poultry.

A fox spied out a cock at *roost* upon a tree.—*L'Estrange.*

Rut, the paths of wheels.

From hills huge waters headlong fall,
Shall allwayes eat huge *ruts*.—*Chapman.*

Sark, a shirt.

Haunting beaus gang with their breasts open, and their *sarks* over their waistcoats.—*Arb.*

Scampo, or *Scamper*, to run away.

A fox seized a fawn and fairly *scampered* away with him.

L'Estrange.

Scant, very scarce, rare.

——————— like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of *scant*.—*Carew.*

Scar, a steep, bare, and rocky place on a hill side.

And eke full oft a little *scar*
Upon a bank.—*Gower.*

Seely, weak, trifling, empty-headed.

If thou lust to holden chat
With *seely* shepheard's swain.—*Spenser.*

Shaftman, length of a fist with the thumb standing up.

Ray and Lye's Dictionary.

Shift, a contrivance, a device, a woman's garment.

Know ye not Ulyssese *shifts*?—*Denham.*

Schippen, a cowhouse.

Schepenes and dairies.—*Chaucer.*

Shoo, or *Shough*, a term to frighten poultry.

Shough! shough! up to your coop pea-hen.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Sib, related to, akin.

(He) was *sibbe* to Arthour of Bretaigne.—*Chaucer.*

Sift, examine scrupulously.

We have *sifted* your objections.—*Hooker.*

Sike, a gutter or water-furrow.—*Todd's Johnson.*

Sleeveless-arnt, a going to no purpose.

One morning, timely, he took in hande,
To make to my house a *sleeveless-errande*.—*Heywood*, 1566.

Slotch, or *Slouch*, a greedy clown.

A foul, great, stooping *slouch* with heavy eyes.

More's Life of the Lord.

Slough, a deep dirty place, skin of an adder, &c.

The ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a *slough* and overthrown.—*Milton.*

Sneap, to check, to reprimand.

My lord, I will not undergoe this *sneap* without reply.

Shakespeare.

Sneck, the latch or bolt of a door.—*Prompt Paro.*

Snig, an eel, to catch, to snare.

Yes, Sir, I have *sniggled* him.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Snite, to blow the nose.

Nor would any one be able to *snite* his nose.—*Grew's Cosmed.*

Sops, toast, placed hot in ale or wine, or in the pan of roasting meat.

Sops in wine, quantity for quantity, inebriate more than wine of itself.—*Bacon.*

Sperr'd, inquired; also, to be sperred, is to be published in the Church; used by Chaucer.

Whych openeth and no man *spereth.*

God's Promise, Old Play.

Span-new, or *Bran-new*, never worn,

This tale was all *span-newe* to begin.—*Chaucer.*

This is a spell against the *spick-and-span-new.*—*B. Jonson.*

Stannyel, a hawk.

With what wing the *stannyel* sets at it.—*Shakespeare.*

Starke, very stiff.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did beholde
His hart gan waxe as *starke* as marble stone.—*Spenser.*

Stark giddy, or *mad*, in the highest degree.

He is *stark mad*, who ever says
That he hath beene in love an hour.—*Donne.*

Stickle, to stand stiffly to a thing.

There had been bloodshed had I not *stickled.*

The Ordinary, Old Play.

Stingy, sneaking, mean.

A *stingy* narrow-hearted fellow.—*L'Estrange.*

Stint, to set bounds to.

Our *stint* of woe is common.—*Shakespeare.*

Strike, or *Stroke*, two pecks, or bushel.

What dowry has she? Some two hundred bottles (bundles of straw)
And twenty *strike* of oats.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Suds, a lather of soap, or to be taken in a scrape.

Will you forsake me now and leave me i' the *suds*.—*Ibid.*

Swad, a bean or pea husk.

Take pulse out of the *swads*.—*Cotgreave.*

Swaith, or *Swath*, a row of grass cut by a mower.

With tossing and raking, and setting in cox,
Grass lately in *swaths* is meat for an ox.—*Tusser.*

Sweal, to kindle, to blaze, to burn.

Men *swaliden* with greete heete.—*Wicliffe, Revelations*, xvi.

Swinging, great, huge, heavy, a swinging-stick for beating or opening wool.

The countryman seeing the lion disarmed, with a *swinging* cudgel broke off the match.—*L'Estrange.*

Swither, to burn fiercely, or move hastily.

They sighen Marye, that sche roos *swithe (hastily)*, and went out.—*Wicliffe, St. John*, xi. 31.

Swop, to exchange one thing for another.

I would have *swopped* youth for old age.—*Dryden.*

Talemed's father, the author of Telleamed or the Indian Philosopher.

Teathy, or *teachy*, cross, like a peevish child.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
Shakespeare's Richard III.

Teawse, or *towse*, to pull, to tear, to haul.

What sheepe that is full of wooll
Upon his back they *tose* and pull.—*Gower.*

Teem, to pour, a Scottish word; Johnson observes, a low word which Swift uses.

Teem out the remainder of the ale into the tankard.—*Swift.*

Teen, or *teeny*, fretful; also, very little.

Religion's reverence doth burial *teene*,
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest.—*Spenser.*

Th'arcake, hearth-cake, from being baked on the hearth.

Twitter, to fret, to laugh secretly; within a *twitter*, is within a little.

And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous *twitters*.—*Hudibras.*

Tyny, very little.

He that has a little *tyny* wit,
Must make content with his fortunes fit.—*Shakespeare.*

Uncoth, or *unkert*, strange.

All cleane dismay'd to see so *uncoth* sight.—*Spenser.*

Uphold, to maintain, to warrant a thing.

While life *upholds* this arm,
This arm *upholds* the House of Lancaster.—*Shakespeare.*

Urchin, or *urchen*, a hedge-hog.

Urchins shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee.—*Shakespeare.*

Waddle, or *waggle*, to shake in walking, to go like ducks.

She could have run and *waddled* all about.—*Shakespeare.*

Waker, easy to be awakened.

Late watchers are no early *wakers*.—*Ben Jonson.*

Wag, to move to and fro; also, an arch person.

All that hiss and *wag* their heads at thee.—*Samuel*, xi. 15.
Was not my lord the verier *wag* o'th' two?—*Shakespeare.*

Wamble, the stomach; to roll with nausea or sickness.

When your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,
Be *wambling* in your stomachs.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

War and war, worse and worse.

They sayne the world is much *war* than it wont.—*Spenser.*

Wattles, the lowest part of a cock's comb.

The cock's comb and *whattels* are an ornament becoming his martial spirit.—*More.*

Wax, to grow, to become bigger.

They *wax* and wane
'Twixt thrift and penury.—*Carew.*

Welkin, the sky.

Ne in all the *welkin* was no cloud.—*Chaucer.*

Wheeze, to make a noise in breathing.

The contraction of the trachæa straitens the passage of the air, and produces the *wheezing* in the asthma.—*Floyer.*

Wherrit, a box on the ear; also, did laugh.

——————— How meekly
This other fellow here receives his *werrit.*
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Whinnit, horse neighing.

The horse while he is *winneying.*—*More's Im. of Soul*, xi. 13.

Whirl-boan, the round bone of the knee, the Patella.
Ainsworth.

Whisk-telt, (tailed) light of carriage, a courtezan.

He *whisk'd* his party-coloured wings
And down to earth he comes.—*Raleigh.*

Whiz, to hiss as a flying bullet.

——————— Turn him about,
I know him, I know him; he'll but *whiz* and then go out.
Dryden.

Whoo-up, shouting when all's over; word spoke to a horse to stop! which they soon learn to obey in those counties.

With that the shepherd *whoop'd* for joy.—*Mayhon.*

Whoo-whoo, an interjection of great surprize.

Howl ye, *wo worth* the day.—*Ezekiel*, xxx. 2.

Wisket, a basket.—*Ainsworth.*

Woode, or *wode*, almost mad with anger.

Calm the tempest of his passion *woode.*—*Spenser.*

Wort, a word; also, new ale in fermentation.

If in the *wort* of beer.—*Bacon.*

Wrynot, a surname, a cant term.

He shad (shaded) *wrynot*, and *wrynot* shad the devil.

Yean, you will, a sheep is said to yean when she brings forth.

I love thee better than the careful ewe the new-yean'd lamb.
Fletcher's Faith. Shep.

Yawl, or *Yelp*, like a dog when hurt.

To *yaulpe* and bark like a dog or a fox.—*Barret Alv.* 1580.

Yule-tide or *Yulegams*, Christmas time, or Lammas.

Masks, singing, dancing, *yule-games.*—*Burton's Anat.*

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FLYING DRAGON

AND THE

MAN OF HEATON.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?—Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 5.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE very little to say to thee, O my Friend! only, I hope by the following short Poem thou wilt see that I wish Englishmen would be content to be Englishmen, both in dress and politics.

FAREWELL!

THE ARGUMENT.

A LANCASHIRE beau being at London, fell in love with the large pig-tails and ear-locks, and consequently brought the French toys with him to Lancaster: business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his courser, dressed in the pig-tail, ear-locks, &c. *à-la-mode François*. The toy rolled on his shoulders, till the blasts blew away both that and the ear-locks, they being fastened to the tail with black ribbons.

A countryman coming that way, and seeing them blowing about in the lane, takes the French medley for a flying-dragon, and, after mature deliberation, resolved to kill it. This produced three battles; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully performed. Elated with the exploit, he twists his stick in the ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as boys commonly do adders; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado, convinced; and then in great confusion sneaked away, leaving his reverence in possession of the monster, who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shows it with much diversion to his friends.

THE FLYING DRAGON

AND THE

MAN OF HEATON.

PART I.

WHAT man alive, tho' e'er so wise,
With spaniel's nose and eagle's eyes,
Can tell this hour what th' next will fling us,
Or whether joy or sorrow bring us.
That no dispute there needs of this,
The man of Heaton witness is;
A man he was and very stout,
But whether quite so wise, some doubt;
And as my muse dare not decide,
The foll'wing facts must be our guide;
So leaving him in doubtful mood,
Let's hint at one more understood.
Our other hero, for we've two,
Hight Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd city,
Half French, half English—ah, what pity!

Where courtiers, pensioners, and placemen,
By frequent ins and outs disgrace men:
Where doughty squires to knights are vamp'd;
Where half-thick lords to earls are stamp'd;
Where all the arts of jockeyship,
Are us'd as at the turf and whip;
Where one throws out his dearest brother,
And statesmen jostle one another;
Who lay their meagrim brains together
To make our feet find their own leather;
Our eyes must see, sans sun or candle,
And in the day mope—dingle dangle;
Where bribery's the chiefest trade,
And laws against our interest made;
Where Britain's fate is—hum—decided,
And all 'mongst w——s and r——s divided.
But stay—should I their actions paint,
Our heads would ach, our hearts wou'd faint;
So leaving them, and their grand squabble,
My muse of better things shall babble.
This man I say was just come down,
From that French pig-tail foppish town,
As gay as daw, in borrowed plumes,
And all the airs of fop assumes.
His ramille, secundum artem,
Was toss'd up—bless me,—ah—ad ——!

His earlocks too!—near eyebrows plac'd,
His countenance genteelly grac'd;
A pig-tail dangling to his ——.
(O truth, 'tis thou that shames my verse!)
Being tagg'd with curious shining hair,
In various colours did appear;
With powder dusted, smooth'd by tonsure,
He look'd as grand as monkey monsure!
His nag high-mettl'd shin'd like raven,
Both sire and dam, of blood in craven:
He mounted—hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind;
Spurr'd nag—(who answered from behind)—
Away he flew—now boisterous Boreas,
Vext to see man so vainly glorious,
Resolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
And make his furious courser stumble;
But finding soon this scheme to fail,
He aimed his force at the pig-tail,
And whisk'd it round both back and shoulder,
Still he rode on—and still look'd bolder!
Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
At ear-locks blew with might and main,
Not dreaming of their being ally'd,
And to the tail so closely ty'd.
All Skyppo's head attire so gay,
The blast had nearly blown away,

When fortune raising ruffl'd hand,
Kept wig and beaver on their stand;
But pig-tail, with the ear-locks new,
Away with Boreas waving flew.
Our hero spruce ne'er miss'd the toy,
But rode for Sunderland with joy;
Thinking to show the fashion new,
Which sight would make one laugh—or ——.

PART II.

But who comes next!—the man of Heaton,
Whose very name old time hath eaten.
For authors in this point do vary,
Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry;*
But I incline, for private reason,
To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season;
And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,
As suits my rhime, or helps my wit.
But on he comes; and fame rehearses
His nose two feet before his —— is;
A trusty knob-stick fill'd his hand,
And thought no power could him withstand.
When lo! his lifted eyes assail
A long black thing, with wings and tail;

The wings quick moving with the wind,
The tail in curls, turn'd up behind.
So *Oamfrey* stops his sauntering course,
And unto musing had recourse;
Then stamp'd his knob-stick on the ground,
And crying in amaze profound:
" I'th neme o'mercy, say—whot' art;
That two black tungs fro meawth con dart?
Whooas twisted body's like the hurn
O' that fem'd beeost the unicorn!
I say, whot art? Ith' neme o ——!
My stick shall—howd—I've heard a rod
Of willow will demolish soon
The direst snake below the moon."
With that, stout *Noamp* his thwittle drew,
And on the edge three times he blew;
Then from the hedge he in a crack
Brings a tough willow with him back;
But whilst the leaves he from it strips,
Across the lane the Dragon skips!
Quoth he—" I see theaw'rt marching off,
Boh howd o bit; this willow tough
Shall, if strength fail not, stop thy flight."
So strikes the pig-tail with his might,
And cries out, " Boh!" then quick returns,
Then gives a stroke—then backward runs.

The monstrous animal up flew,
And *Oamfrey* starting, quick withdrew:
His eyes oth' stare, his face grew pale,
With open mouth he view'd the tail,
Which briskly wanton'd in the wind;
Then swore, "It's of the Dragon kind!"
On deep reflection he grew tardy,
And thought it sin to be fool-hardy.
" If I con seve meh-sell," quoth he,
" Whot's flying Dragons unto me?
There con no wisdom be, I trow,
In feighting things we dunnaw know;
For should it chonce fly e meh fece,
I'm deeo'd os tripe—witheawt God's grece."
So Oamfrey he the wand threw down,
Took up his stick, and march'd for town.

PART III.

Two roods he had not gone, before
A blast of wind the monster bore
Within two yards of *Oamfrey's* stick,
Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
Quoth *Noamp*, " Be this I plenely see
It mun be oather thee or me:

Vide Page 155

And sin 'tis so, I'll never run,
Boh kill or dee before eh done."
Then, in a passion, from his hand
He threw his stick, and fetch'd the wand;
And poor pig-tail with courage fresh,
And all his might began to thresh;
But still the Dragon kept the field,
Cock'd up his tail, and scorn'd to yield.
This furious combat, by report,
Did last till *Oamfrey's* stick grew short,
And a cessation, as fame reckons,
Continued till he got fresh weapons.
But *Oamfrey*, having luck to find
A weapon to his murdering mind,
Says softly thus unto himself:
" Theaw feights for honour, not for pelf;
And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
Thy feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out."
Then hemming twice—spits on his hand,
And snatches up the magic wand,
Resolved to do a feat to brag on,
So strikes with all his might the Dragon:
And thus the battle was renew'd,
And both sides to their tackle stood.
Again fierce *Oamfrey's* stick did dwindle
Into the length of common spindle:

But thinking now the battle gain'd,
Because he with no blood was stain'd,
Resolved to fetch another switch,
To kill outright this Dragon-witch.
Now while this third great duel lasted,
Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted.
The Dragon, too, now wanting breath,
Had symptoms of approaching death;
And ev'ry member seem'd to fail,
He hardly stirring wing or tail,
For Boreas likewise, tired at length,
Had quite exhausted all his strength,
And all was hush: so fortune gave
The field and battle to the brave!
And pig-tail lies as still as stone,
As tho' to live it ne'er had known.
And thus the Dragon here was slain,
Whilst *Oamfrey* lives to fight again.

PART IV.

Our hero's courage none can doubt;
Nor love of fame was he without;
For when this glorious feat was done,
And such a vict'ry fairly won,
Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,
Put kersey coat on sweating back;
And then with cautious stare he view'd
The Dragon, which he'd hack'd and hew'd;
But still it proved above his ken,
As it might do to wiser men.
Here *Oamfrey* musters all his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pretences;
So he resolved he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of war.
With this intent, his ample foot
Held down the pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick within the frizzled hair,
And thus before him did it bear.
Ten furlongs he'd triumphing past,
But met no mortal man or beast:
When, lo! he met, with heart full gleesome,
The reverend rector, styled of Heysham.
The parson stared, whilst *Oamfrey* held
The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd;

And after clearing up his weasand,
He query'd thus, to know the reason:
" Why *Oamfrey*, man! what have you got
Upon your stick?" " That I know not."
" Where did you find the tawdry thing?"
" Tawdry!" quoth *Noamp*, " why't has a sting!"
" A sting, man!—nay, no more than you."
" Byth' mass! good parson, that's nay true:
Look at its tungs; its sting's ith tele,
Or else I'm sure my senses fail!"
" True," quoth his rev'rence, " that may be,
And in that point we both agree;
But if my eyes, like thine, don't fail,
It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail."
" A pigtele, pars'n! that's good fun!
No moor thin bacco-pipe's a gun.
Why 'twas alive ten minutes since,
An that I'll swear be king or prince!
Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,
An that no swine-tele, or his sneawt,
Could ever do sin Noah's flood,
An this I will maintene for good."
The rector laugh'd, and *Noamp* look'd sour,
For to convince he wanted pow'r;
Nor could *Noamp* to his thoughts give vent,
As anger cork'd up argument.

His rev'rence then began again
To reason, thus: "Why, look ye, man,
This is black silk, and this is hair;
Feel, and believe—you need not stare!"
"Not stare? Why, pars'n, did naw you
Affirm just neaw o thing naw true,—
Did naw yo sey it wur a pig-tele?
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a snig-tele."
"Why, man! but so they call the thing;
You see't has neither head nor sting;
These ribbands are to tie it on,
As you shall see I'll do anon."
His rev'rence then his wig took off,
And *Noamp* began to hem and cough;
His doubts he found to disappear,
And that he'd got wrong sow by th' ear:
For as the parson was adjusting,
Things grew the more and more disgusting.
But when he put o'er all his wig—
"The d—l ta' yer tele o' pig!
What sense is there e tele so black
That's teed toth' heeod, an rows o'th back?
If they'd ha things weh netur jump,
The tele should awlus ston o'th rump;
That fok moot know oytch foolish brat
For munkey greyt, or meawntin cat;

Boh gawbies neaw gin kers'n nemes,
To things naw hardly fit for flames."
So *Oamfrey* grumbling, budged away,
But neither bade good night or day.
The rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again,
At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the scene;
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For sport to friends in time to come;
And keeps it to this very day
At Heysham, as my authors say.

THE

BLACK-BIRD.

A POEM.

THE

DEDICATION.

TO

THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY

STERN-VISAG'D PLUTO,

PRINCE OF STYGIAN DARKNESS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF NOCTURNAL THUNDER, AND GENERALISSIMO OF ALL THE DEPARTED GHOSTS IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS, &c. &c.

SULPHUROUS AND DREAD PRINCE!

I AM very sensible 'tis the highest presumption in me imaginable to address the following Poem to your grisly majesty: but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable enemy) but in your swarthy dominions? Though at the same time she flies to you for protection, she's possessed with an ominous fear, that when her adversary makes his exit out of these terrestrial regions,

you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the Bench, and assign to his profound and equitable care all the European provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant judge in your shady jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profounded wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful monarch, that 'tis my humble opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my advocate, since 'tis the d—l of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure style, and therefore none so proper for its patron paramount, as your gloomy majesty.

Another reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient or modern higlers in rhime ever dedicated any of their productions to your dusky godship: though they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous name, extol your supreme power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the cosmography of your ample dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny gods and goddesses of mere terrestrial lump; and the press has given us a modern proof of a thresher, who has thrown down his unwieldy flail, and taken

up the pliant nimble pen, to make one, who has lately passed through your sooty territories, as powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the goddess CYBELE was to the ancients.

Since the clumsy flail has presumed to address a terrene queen, accept, great Prince of Darkness, of the first fruits of the swift-paced shuttle; which was a scion that blossomed, and whose fruit came to maturity this keen benumbing storm, when looms were more terrible to cringing, thin-bellied weavers, than ever the pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of yours, *Pryn* and *Bastick*.

And now, methinks, I have almost beaten that modish and much-frequented path of dedication enough; though I neither have nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind; and I hope you'll not reject the patronage. If I could have found a more powerful protector than your great self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel:* neither would I have you think that I have played the timid Indian, and offered the *Black-bird* to your Ghastliness as a propitiation for some enormous crime committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to

defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-bird*, on her well-balanced sable pinions, to your Sootiness for protection—the which I hope you will grant her; and that you will permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch and nestle about your awful throne: if your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go whistle. I am,

Tremendous Sir!

Now and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,
Jan. 15, 1739.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

THE INVOCATION.

Thou who with ale or vile liquors.
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vicars*
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of nature and their stars, to write;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.—Hud.

When bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The southern course, and in our climes begun
To perfect blossoms, and the budding flow'rs
To paint the fields and form the shady bow'rs,
The distant prospects all around were seen
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And school-boys stood, while Sloth put on the reins,
And with cramm'd satchels saunt'red in the lanes:
The younger sort would stroll about to get
The daisy, primrose, and the violet;
While Tom and Will, with eager eyes would view
Each bush and tree, from whence a linnet flew;
And every hedge did pry into, to find
The downy structure of the feather'd kind.

Such were the days when MINOS would be drest
To look more awful on a day of rest;
His sapient head he deck'd in perriwig
Of three-tails dangling, to look *quorum* big;
His beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise he pull'd
So low, his forehead in it seem'd involv'd;
But this was done his visage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face:
Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
Thought HUDIBRAS o'er gloomy *Styx* had got:
And as that knight, so he'd a 'squire to wait,
Whene'er he sally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
This for his outward-man; but I must strain
For to dissect his wonder-working brain;
Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning muse,
To bathe my skull in crowning laurel-juice!
But since I've ventur'd the outside to scan,
I'll slightly touch upon his inward man.
(But know, my angry muse reflects not on
This tinkling cymbal for its jarring tone;
But for affecting those celestial airs,
By which the organ charms the list'ning ears.)
If speech be the true index of the mind,
And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,
We may conclude, that since his speech is clipp'd,
His moving garret is but half equipp'd;

But lest a pun won't please the *wou'd-be-wise,*
His wit wants ballast, and his judgment eyes;
For nature made him without care or art,
And left unfinish'd much the better part:
Or else in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his brain.
If any wonder why as judge he's plac'd,
Or how the bench comes with his worship grac'd,
That thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we
Are sway'd by fools, much greater knaves than he.
We grant, he seems a genuine chip of those
Convention-wits, who lead us by the nose;
'Tis true, we go like BRUIN to the stake,
Who knows his task, and fain his bonds would break,
But forced on, he shakes his shaggy fur,
And looks with fury on each bridl'd cur;
*Craftsman,** the bearward, doth promulgate law,
And threatens wounds from deep Panonian jaw;
Asserting ne'er a collar'd-whelp doth play
The game that's fair, but runs a thievish way;
And thinks with justice, in this dire contest,
Each cur should run with fawning tail the first;
Or, if you please, smooth-chins should rule the roast,
And hairy-ruffi'ns kick'd from ev'ry post.

* Vide Gent. Mag. for Jan. 1740, page 20.

Which scheme, before all others I prefer,
If my old grannum may be Treasurer,
For I'm her only fav'rite, and must taste with her.
But, lest some critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
And from a *Black-bird*, 'tis a *Bear-bait* grown,
I'll to his worship once again repair,
That's going now to snuff the country air.
After a turn or two, within the room,
A hem breaks forth—and then he calls his groom
Here Jack! where's Jack? I'm here, his man replies;
Bring out my horse: and straitway *John* complies.
He being gone, the knight must see the glass,
To fix some upright airs in oblong face:
His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd shirt, he drew
Unto his head, and set his wig askew;
Then gently strok'd his manly beard, and then
Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again.
The bob before he'd often toss behind,
As pleas'd his curious self-admiring mind;
He lower'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
Pull'd in his chin, more majesty to show:
Pleas'd with the sight, he set aside the man,
Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began:
" I'll say't, thou'rt graceful;—very graceful—and
Thy very look will reverence command!

Thy dress is handsome,—very genteel:—still
Not the least foppish, if I've any skill:
Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and solve each hard debate;
Or, as the proverb says, can see as far
Into a millstone"—here the gate did jar;
For John had done according to command.
And waiting stood with nag, and cap in hand.
The steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's beast;
Nor ever was Don QUIXOTTE's dapple fit,
For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it;
So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
Of precious ware, as they, upon his back.
And all agree his worship's teeming full
Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull.
This bonny nag, Sir MINOS did bestride,
And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride;
About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
The knight and 'squire, of silence broke the door.
And then it was the justice came t'himself,
From contemplating on his wit and pelf:
With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
(While pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise,)
He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.

" Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
Since 'tis no wicked or ungodly task."
" Sir, there's no doubt," says John. " Then tell me, pray,—
What says the world that now I bear such sway?"
" Why, sir, they speak exceeding well of you,
As wise and good—to king and country true."
" Thou answer'st well; and glad I am to know,
The world such thoughts so justly do bestow."
Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
As he came on. " But hark thee, Jack—tell true—
When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake?"
" Yes, that they do—and like an aspin shake."
" What do they think, when I'm upon the bench?"
" You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench."
" Whose judgment is't a knotty matter clears?"
" Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as theirs."
Jack bites his lip; that while the knight goes on,—
" Thy words are good; I'll mend thy wages, John."
" I thank you, sir,—I'm much obliged to you."
Now th' Ouzel whistles, — wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u;
And so went on, like a shrill flute, to play
That gleesome tune, the Twenty-ninth of May.
" Hold, Jack! stand still; I hear a whistling noise
Within that house; 'tis sure some atheist's voice!

Tho' Catholics, I've heard my father say,
Would whistle, dance, and sing o'th' Sabbath-day.
But who can this be?" Says John, " I cannot tell;
But, man or maid, it whistles very well."
" Some Papist, Jack!" " In that I 'gree to you."
Then comes the prelude, — wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u.
Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er:
The knight, more vex'd than e'er he was before,
Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious mood,
Said, " I'll commit him,—he's the serpent's brood:
He sees me stand, and yet he whistles on
This Sabbath-day:—was such a thing e'er known?
'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,
Or, what's the same, against his Majesty!
No doubt he knows I represent the King,
And that we both are but the self-same thing."
" Sir," says the 'squire, " this thing I know't be true."
Now comes the flourish, — wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u,
And so proceeds with the old tune again.
The knight cries out, " O monst'rous and profane!
Was ever antichristian impudence
So base, to give both God and man offence!

'Tis most seditious! Jack, light off thy horse,
And bring the rascal, else use all thy force;
For I this moment will commit him safe,
Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh."
Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
But he repeats, " The whistling man must go
Before a justice, for he'd have it so."
The man replies, " The whistler's good and true,
And serves me well; but what's all this to you?
He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat,
Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat:
He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs;
He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
Within the room, and slight his stern command."
Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat;
Howe'er he goes and tells the justice flat,
The whistler would not come; he fear'd no law,
Or king or justice valued not a straw.
But when the knight heard this, he raved and tore,
And several times thus by ASTREA swore:
" I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
An everlasting monument of ill;
A sad example of seditious tools,
Of pagan knaves, and antichristian fools."

And with these words he nimbly quits his horse,
Raging with passion,—never fury worse!
And in he flies, with "Where's this profane wretch
That slights the law, whom I myself must fetch?
Where is this whistling Turk—this stinking he-Jew?"
And now the bird sings, wheet-wit, wheet-wit, whee'u;
And then the Twenty-ninth of May begun.
"What!" quoth the knight, "was such a thing e'er known!"
And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,
To see if he could find the whistler out.
The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amazed,
Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gazed;
But still this whistler was not to be seen,
Which filled the justice with tempestuous spleen:
He stamped with foot, and lift his eyes above,
As tho' he called on thunder-ruling Jove,
And then burst out in this emphatic strain:
"Ungodly! wicked! heath'nish and profane!
To break the sabbath! whistle against heav'n,
The king, and me! 'twill never be forgiven!
A disaffected tune too!—shameless man,
Notorious rogue!—he's of the Jesuits' clan!"
And then once more tow'rds heav'n his eyes he sent,
And saw the Black-bird in a wire-cage pent,

Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain;
Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain.
He motionless as old Lot's wife did stand,
And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand;
But at the last he wheels himself about,
His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out.
"Is this the whistler? Nay, I scarce believe
But both my eyes and ears do me deceive!
I'll say't, 'tis strange, surpassing strange! a bird
To whistle tunes!—the like was never heard!
I thought it was not possible for art
To teach birds music—nor th' easiest part!
Sure this is some Italian ouzel, brought
O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught!
Why poz,* I ne'er was so deceived in all
My life before,—and with a thing so small!
I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite
That whistled thus,—but who is always right?
A Solomon may play some foolish tricks,
And British Cato† err in politics."
Then beck'ning finger, makes the man draw near,
And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear:

* A favourite word of the knight's for *positively*.
† Walpole.

" Here, honest man, I'll give thee half-a-crown,
To promise me this thing must not be known;
For should the wicked ever hear this thing,
'Twould shame both me and our most gracious king."
The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.
And knight perceiving that the bird was put
In close confinement, and in limbo shut,
Old Oliverian and fanatic zeal
Grew cold, and did to crusted ice congeal;
And calm as midnight took his leave,—but said,
" Be sure this thing be never public made."
Thus MINOS left the Black-bird closely pent,
And, mounting steed, on new adventures went.

LANCASHIRE HOB

AND

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

A TALE. 1762.

Robert Cruikshank del'et fecit

Vide Page 181.

LANCASHIRE HOB

AND

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

A TALE. 1762.

A THRIFTY carl was tired of lonely cot,
Because the tooth-ache he so often got.
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing *Rochdale* town did then contain
A famous quack, that drew teeth without pain:
To him he flies, and in a voice as loud
As *Stentor's*, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd,
" *Ho—onist mon, whot munneh gi' ye to drea*
A tush ot pleagues me awmust neet on dea?"
" Sixpence," the quack replies.—*Hob* spoke again,
" *On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mitch pein?*"
" Ho, weel enough."—Quoth *Hob*, " *Suppose I two,*
Yoan do for neenpunce?" " That I will not do."

"*Heaw monny then for twelvepunce winneh poo?*"
"All that thou hast."—Quoth *Hob*, "*They're just enoo.*"
The doctor took this for a country joke,
'Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the folk,
And mount the stage.—Quack now some mirth intends,
And slily for a pair of pincers sends;
Thinking he'd met one of those puny fools
Would run away from such inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers: "*Vara weel,*" said he,
"*If they'n fit yo, I'm shure they win fit me.*"
Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
With open mouth, in which the quack did stare;
Who laughing said, "You have but six, I find,
And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry wind."
"*Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job.*"
"Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest *Hob:*
Hold up your head—*Oh!*—here is one you see;
Come, hold again; here's two—would you have three?"
"*I think ot mon's a foo; we bargint plene,*
Poo theese aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen."
"If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend,
Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end."

Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
There's room for pincers, and good light beside.
Cries quack, "Here's three,—here's four:"—*Hob*
bawls out, "*Oh!*"
"Hold, hold," says quack, "there's something more
to do:
Come, gape again;—here's five,—here's six,—and
th' last,
And now I'm sure thy tooth-ache pains are past."
"*That's reet,*" quoth *Hob*, "*gi' me meh teeth, on
then*
I'll pey os freely os som roycher men."
The quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve-pence paid;
Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said,
"*They're arron foos ot sixpence pein for one,*
While for o shilling I ha six jobs done.
But still they're bigger foos that live e pein,
*When good seawnd teeth may choance to come
ogen.*"
The doctor stares—and hastily replies,
"They come again! not till the dead shall rise.
One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast,
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth hast lost."
"'*Tis done,*" quoth Hob:—and stakes a Charles's
crown;
The quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.

Hob takes up all, and in a neighbour's hand
Secures the total: then makes his demand.
" *Measter yo know eawr bet is, that I've lost*
My teeth; and that I have not none to boast."
The quack replies, " 'Tis true; and what by that?"
" *Why, see I've six neaw o eh meh owd scull-hat.*
Ne, sur, if yoan geaw wimmy whoam, I'll shew
Yo e'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo."
The quack ill-vex'd he such a bite should meet,
Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, " *Sur—good neet.*"

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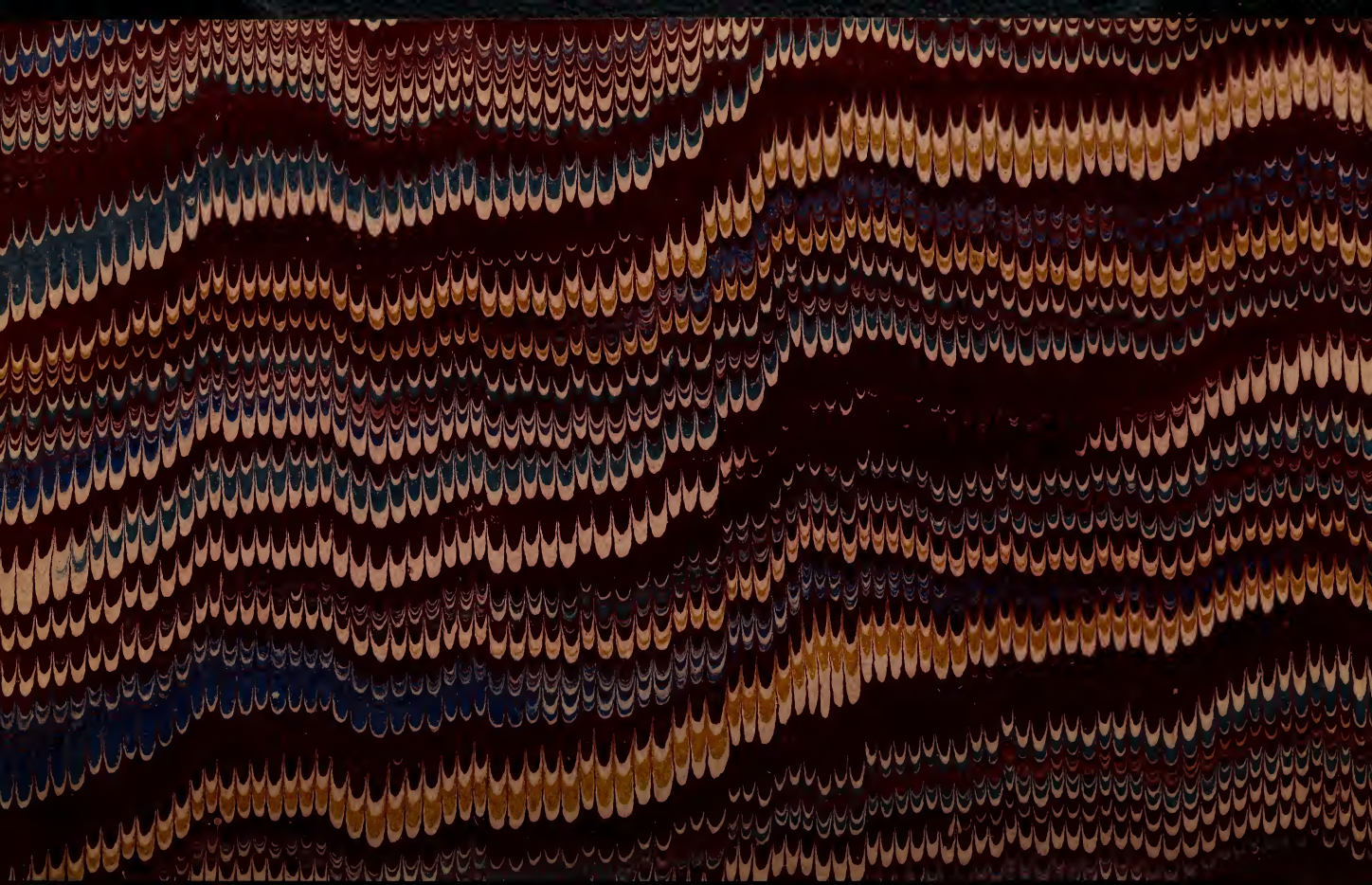

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